

FIVE CENTS

BRAVE AND BOLD

A DIFFERENT COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK

No. 66

LITTLE BY LITTLE

or The Cruise of
the Flyaway



BY OLIVER OPTIC

"Look out, Paul! don't do that!" remonstrated his brother. The youth, disregarding the terror of his brother, dived over the bow of the boat the moment he saw the form of the poor girl.

BRAVE & BOLD

A Different Complete Story Every Week

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LITTLE BY LITTLE;

OR,

The Cruise of the "Flyaway."

By OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

PAUL DUNCAN.

"I'll give you a quarter, Paul, if you will take me down to the Point in your boat," said Thomas Nettle, as he came down to the beach where the boy addressed was baling out an old, dingy-looking boat.

"It blows too hard," replied Paul Duncan.

"The club went down in their boat."

"But it didn't blow so hard then as it does now. It's a regular sou'easter."

"What are you afraid of, Paul?"

"I'm not afraid; but there's no use of risking your life for a quarter."

"I'll give you a half, then."

Paul Duncan hesitated. Half a dollar was a great deal of money to him, and more than often found its way into his exchequer. He glanced at the white-capped waves in the bay, and then at Thomas.

"There's no ballast in her," said he.

"Put some rocks in, then."

"I think it's rather dangerous, and I don't believe your

mother would agree to have you go out in a boat in such a blow as this."

"My mother! Humph! Let me tell you I'm not tied to my mother's apron string. I think I'm old enough to have a will of my own. Don't talk to me about my mother," replied Thomas, contemptuously. "I'm not a baby."

"Just as you please; but I think it blows too hard to go out."

"Let me have your boat, and I'll go alone, then, if you are afraid to go."

"I'm not afraid," answered Paul, stung by these repeated implications upon his courage. "Jump in, and I'll give you enough of it before you get halfway to the point."

Thomas got into the boat, which was anything but a beauty in her shape and appointments. Paul pushed her off the beach upon which she had grounded, and as she receded from the shore, leaped on board of her. Placing an oar at the stern, he sculled her out a short distance from the land, and then shook out the sail. The first flaw of wind that struck it heeled the boat over so far that

Thomas leaped with desperate haste up to the windward side.

"Don't be afraid, Tom," said Paul, with a smile. "She has got the wind now."

"Who's afraid?" demanded Thomas.

"I thought you were by the way you jumped."

"Well, the gunwale of your old craft went under."

"Not quite."

"I say it did; and you don't suppose I was going to sit there and be spilled into the drink—do you?" continued Thomas, sharply.

"I won't dispute you; she heeled over as a boat always will when she first gets the wind."

"You think you are an old salt, Paul, but you don't know enough to navigate a herring pond."

"Just as you like," replied Paul, whose good nature was a proof against the assaults of his companion. "I don't pretend to know much; but I think I understand this old boat pretty well."

Paul was the oldest of a family of six children, and was now in his fourteenth year. His father was a journeyman ship carpenter—an honest, temperate, hard-working man, who was obliged to struggle with the realities of life in order to win a comfortable subsistence for his large family. In the inoffensive sense of the term, he was a poor man; that is, he lived from hand to mouth, and had not saved a single dollar with which to meet the misfortunes of life. But he had brought up his family as well as he could, and given the oldest the best education which his limited means would afford.

Thomas Nettle's father was a wealthy merchant, who had retired from active business, and lived upon his beautiful estate in Bayville, in which transpired the events of my story. Maj. Nettle, as his townsmen called him—for he had attained to the rank indicated by his military title in the militia—was an easy, careless man, and had but a very low appreciation of the moral and religious duties and responsibilities of a parent. It was a favorite theory with him that a boy would do well enough if only let alone. It was of no use to cram his head or his heart with notions, as he called them, about morality and religion; the boy would find them out himself when he wanted them.

"Steady! why don't you luff her up, when the puffs come," said Thomas, as a flaw of wind struck the sail, and careened her so far that she took in a little water over the side.

"Oh, I don't mind a little dash of water over the side," replied Paul, with a smile; for it must be owned that he was disposed to punish his companion for the imputations he had cast upon his seamanship and his courage.

Bayville is situated about seven or eight miles from Boston, on the line of one of the principal railroads. A

large portion of the inhabitants, even at the time of which I write, were gentlemen doing business in the city, though the place had a shipyard and several wharves from which the surrounding country was supplied with wood, coal and lumber. The town is located on both sides of Tenean River, the estuary of which forms a very good harbor, though the place has not yet attained to any considerable commercial importance.

The shipyard and the wharves were on the north side of the river, which was known as Mercantile Point. On the south side a peninsula extended about half a mile out into the sea, at the extremity of which was the little cottage of Mr. Duncan, the ship carpenter. It was built upon the high bluff, and below it was the beach, which had been formed by the continued caving of the earth from the high bank. The cottage was over a mile from the shipyard, by the road, and not more than half the distance in a straight line across the water. As an easy and pleasant way to get to his work, Mr. Duncan had purchased the old boat, in which Paul had just embarked, for a few dollars, and in good weather generally went over to the shipyard by water. He was a skillful boatman, and under his tuition his son had learned all the mysteries of sailing a boat. Like most boys, he was disposed to be more daring than was necessary, and it was often that his father and mother found occasion to check him in the pursuit of bold enterprises. Paul was passionately fond of the water, and was proud of his nautical skill and knowledge.

Aquatic sports were all the rage at Bayville, and there were very few gentlemen who had the means that did not own boats of some kind. In the summer season the harbor always presented a brilliant display of yachts, sailboats and wherries. The largest of these was the *Fly-away*, a splendid yacht of fifty-two tons, which was jointly owned by Maj. Nettle and Capt. Littleton. Even the boys of the high school had a club boat, which, in the warm season, not only afforded them fine sport, but plenty of healthy exercise for the proper development of their physical organization.

On the first day of May, when our story opens, the scholars of the high school had a picnic at Tenean Point, and the boat club had gone down to participate in the festivities of the occasion. Thomas Nettle had been to the city in the morning, and had not returned in season to go down with the club, of which he was a member. It was four miles to the Point by the road, and only half that distance by water, when the wind permitted the passage in a straight line. He did not like the idea of walking so far, choosing rather to incur the danger of being drowned by the upsetting of Paul's old boat.

In spite of the strong wind and the heavy sea, Paul

kept the boat on her course, though, as the tide was against her, she did not make much headway.

"Can you weather South Point, Paul?" asked Thomas, who had been silent for some time.

"I'm afraid I can't; this old boat makes about as much leeway as headway."

"It is pretty rough out here— isn't it?"

"Rather," replied Paul, indifferently.

"She takes in a good deal of water."

"Mostly spray; you can bale her out if you have a mind to do so."

Thomas was glad to have something in the shape of occupation, for it required all his power to conceal a certain nervousness which he would not have had Paul see for all the world. He took the tin kettle and worked as though the safety of the craft depended entirely upon his effort.

The wind seemed to increase rather than diminish in force, and the sail was becoming more exciting every moment; but Paul maintained his self-possession, and though he had some doubts about his ability to keep the old craft right side up, he did not permit his companion to know that he had a single misgiving.

For two hours the boat labored heavily in the rough sea, and had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance to Tenean Point. The young adventurers were now in the worst place in the bay, and the boat was exposed to the full force of the wind and the sea, from which they had before been partially protected by an island.

"What do you think, Paul?" said Thomas, suspending for a moment the work of baling, in which he had been engaged for the last hour.

"What do I think?" replied Paul, coolly, as he wiped the spray from his eyes; "I think it blows tremendous hard."

"So do I."

"Then we shan't quarrel on that point, anyhow."

"Do you think you can make the Point?"

"Certainly I do; I'm in for it, at any rate."

"We don't make much headway."

"That's true."

"I shan't get to the picnic in any kind of season," continued Thomas, crouching down under the weather rail, as a huge wave gave the boat a slap that made her quiver like a leaf.

"I can't help that, Tom; I didn't want you to come this way."

"Don't you think we had better run for the shore, and give it up?"

"I don't think any such thing. If the old boat will only hold together long enough, I'll put you ashore on Tenean Point."

"I'm afraid she won't hold together much longer."

"No matter; we will go it while she does hold together. Can you swim, Tom?"

"You know very well I can swim, Paul."

"Better get your boots off, then."

"Who do you suppose could swim ashore in such a sea as this? Besides, it is over half a mile, and the surf on the beach would tear a fellow all to pieces."

"You ought to have thought of these things before you came out here."

"It is a great deal worse than I had any idea of," answered Thomas, who had proceeded far enough to be willing to yield a point. "For my part, I am willing to be landed here;" and he pointed to a little cove on the Tenean shore.

"You don't say you have got enough of it, Tom," said Paul, with a smile.

"Enough of it! I want to get to the picnic some time to-day. I hope you don't think I am frightened."

"Of course I don't; you daren't be frightened after all your big talk before we came out."

"I'll give up on that, Paul. You are the spunkiest fellow with a boat I ever saw. I am willing to say that and stick to it."

"That's saying a good deal."

"But you mustn't suppose I am afraid."

"Of course not; you're only in a hurry to get to the picnic; that's the idea."

"That's just it, and if you will put me ashore at the cove, I will be just as much obliged to you as though you had carried me all the way to the Point."

"Just as you say;" and the boatman, proud of the triumph he had won over his boastful companion, turned the boat's head toward the shore.

The corner of the sail hung down for the want of a sprit to support it, but as they had the wind free, there was canvas enough to drive her rapidly toward the shore. While they were still half a mile from the cove, Thomas called Paul's attention to a horse and chaise on the beach, from which a man was making violent gestures for them to come ashore.

CHAPTER II.

PAUL HEARS BAD NEWS.

"Who is it, Tom?" asked Paul, very anxiously.

"I don't know; can't make him out."

"What can he want with us?"

"That man keeps shaking his hat to us. Who do you think it is?"

"It looks like Capt. Littleton."

"What can he want of me?" said Paul, anxiously.

"If it is Capt. Littleton, it is more like he wants me."

In a few moments more the boat darted into the cove,

and the boys recognized Capt. Littleton in the gentleman who had been beckoning to them.

"Come ashore, Paul, as quick as you can!" shouted he, as he jumped into his chaise, and drove nearer to the point where the boat was to land.

"Do you want me, sir?" asked Paul.

"Yes; you are wanted at home."

Our hero was filled with terror and anxiety by this reply. He was sure that something had happened, or a gentleman like Capt. Littleton would not have taken the trouble to come after him. As the boat struck the bank he brailed up the sail, and jumped ashore with the painter in his hand.

"Come, Paul, never mind the boat; Thomas will take care of her. Get into the chaise with me as quick as you can," said Capt. Littleton.

"What is the matter, sir? What has happened?" demanded Paul, trembling with the most painful solicitude.

"Get into the chaise first, and I will tell you as we return."

"Has anything happened to my mother, sir?" cried Paul, the tears rushing to his eyes.

"Nothing has happened to your mother, Paul. She is quite well," answered Capt. Littleton, as he urged the horse to his utmost speed.

Paul was greatly relieved by this assurance, though it was still evident from the manner of the gentleman, and the speed at which he drove the horse, that some dreadful event had occurred.

"Tell me what has happened, if you please, sir," Paul continued. "Is any of the folks dead? You say it is not my mother."

"Your mother is quite well, and none of your family are dead, though—"

Capt. Littleton paused, and looked at the boy's face, which was still bathed in tears. He saw the misery that he was enduring, and he hesitated to utter words which he knew must carry grief and woe to his heart.

"You must be calm and firm, Paul," continued the kind gentleman. "It is not so bad as you suppose, and we may hope for the best. Your father has just met with a serious accident."

"Is he dead, sir?" gasped Paul. "You don't tell me the whole story, sir."

"He is not dead, Paul; but he is very badly hurt."

"He is alive, then."

"He is."

Paul closely scrutinized the expression of Capt. Littleton, fearful that he had not told him the whole truth.

"Are you sure he was not killed?" he asked, still unsatisfied.

"He was alive when I left him, but that was nearly an hour ago."

"I am thankful if he is alive. How did it happen, sir?"

"He fell from the bow of the ship upon which he was at work, and struck a pile of timber. I am afraid he is very badly hurt. I happened to be near the shipyard at the time, and assisted in carrying him home. He is conscious, and asked for you. Your mother said you were out in the boat."

Paul burst into tears again at these words.

"Do you think my father is alive now?" sobbed Paul.

"I hope so; but it is impossible to foretell the result. The doctors spoke very despondingly of his case; but we must hope for the best."

"How does my mother bear it?"

"As well as could be expected, considering the suddenness of the calamity."

"Oh, it will kill her," groaned Paul.

"I hope not; you must be calm, my boy. It is dreadful, I know; but we must not add to the pain of the sufferer by useless lamentation."

"I will be as calm as I can, sir; but it is awful to have such a thing happen just now."

"We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth, Paul."

"Yes, but to have it happen now. If it had been at any other time, I could have borne it better," continued the boy, wiping away the tears that blinded him.

"We cannot choose the time for such an event to happen."

"If it had only come before I left home! Oh, dear."

"Be calm Paul; we could not select a time when we should be prepared for such a calamity. You must not suppose one time is better than another for trials and sorrows."

Paul did not say much more, but wept in silence as the chaise dashed along the road. Every moment seemed like an hour, till he came in sight of the cottage of his father. There were the two sulkies of the doctors, and a crowd of people at the gate, to enable him to realize the dreadful calamity which had overtaken him. The panting horse stopped before the door, and Paul's limbs almost failed to support him, as he dragged himself into the house.

"Oh, Paul," sobbed his mother, who met him at the door, "I thought you would never come. I'm afraid you won't have a father a great while longer."

His mother took him by the hand, and led him into the chamber where his father lay. He was shocked by the change which a few short hours had produced, and he needed not the skill of the physician to assure him that Mr. Duncan had but a short time to live.

"Paul," said his father, faintly, "I shall soon be no more, and I leave your mother, and your brothers, and sisters to your care. Take good care of them, Paul, for they will soon have no one else to help them. Be a good

boy, and be an honest man, and everything will go well with you. Be true to your God and true to yourself, and then all the world cannot harm you. May God keep you in the path of duty as long as you live."

Mr. Duncan closed his eyes with an audible sigh, and Paul burst into tears, realizing that he was about to lose the kindest and best of fathers.

"Don't cry, my boy," said the sufferer; "be a man, and in a little while the struggle will be over with me."

The whole family were gathered round the bed, and Mr. Duncan gave them his blessing, for the doctors assured him his hour was at hand. We will not dwell upon the painful scene. In an hour all was still in that room save the sobs of the bereaved widow, who stood gazing in agony upon the silent form which she had seen go out from her that morning in the full vigor of health and strength. The angel of death was there, and had done his work.

Paul was stupefied by the suddenness of the shock, and all the currents of his existence seemed to stop in their flow. He spent the afternoon in his chamber, trying to understand the nature of his situation. He had dried his tears, but the deeper grief had gone in upon his heart. He spent a wakeful night in thinking of the past, and in endeavoring to make himself believe that his father was dead. All that he had ever done for him, all that he had ever said to him, came up before him with a clearness and vividness that made them seem like realities.

In this condition he moved about the house till after the funeral, mechanically executing such duties as he was required to perform; but everything was so unnatural to him that he could hardly persuade himself of the reality of his being. The death of his father was an epoch in his existence, a turning point in his career, and the wheels of time, the current of events, stopped, soon to resume their course in a different direction.

When the last rites of love and respect had been paid to the remains of his father, Paul roused himself from his stupor, and began to examine the future. At the deathbed of his parent he had received a solemn charge, and he carefully reviewed the words, and recalled the expression with which it had been committed to him. His mother and his brothers and sisters had been given into his care, and he felt the responsibility of the position he had accepted. He determined, to the best of his ability, to discharge his duty to them; but he was sorely troubled to think of some way by which he could earn money enough to support them, for he had put a literal construction upon the dying words of his father.

CHAPTER III.

PAUL BECOMES THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

For a week after the funeral Paul racked his brain in devising expedients to supply the place of his father in a pecuniary point of view, but without success. If he went into a store, or obtained such a place as a boy can fill, it would pay him only two or three dollars a week, and this would be scarcely anything toward the support of the family, for his father had generally earned twelve dollars a week during the greater portion of the year. He wanted to do something better. He did not expect to make so much as his father had made, but was determined, if possible, to earn at least half as much.

Thus far his reflection had been to little purpose, for it was no small matter for a boy to charge himself with double the work of one of his age. He had not yet consulted his mother, nor obtained her views in regard to the support of the family. He did not know whether she expected him to do the whole of it, but it did not appear reasonable to him that she could do anything more than to keep house and take care of the children. He wished that he could go to her and relieve her of all responsibility in regard to the money affairs, and let her live just as she had been accustomed to live before the death of his father; and he almost cried with vexation, after he had vainly ransacked his brains for the means, to think he could not do so. He could not hit upon any plan that would meet his expectations, and he decided to have a talk with her in relation to the future.

"What are we going to do, mother?" he asked, as he seated himself in the kitchen where Mrs. Duncan was getting supper.

"That is what I have been thinking of myself," she replied. "I have been talking with Capt. Littleton to-day, and he gave me some good advice and offered me any assistance I might require."

"You surely don't mean to live on charity, mother," added Paul, proudly.

"Certainly not. Capt. Littleton did not offer to give me anything; only to assist me in getting work for myself and you."

"Oh, well, that's all right."

"While we have our health and strength, we shall not have to ask other help of any one."

"Of course not."

"I hope I am above asking charity, or taking it either."

"I knew you were. What did Capt. Littleton say?"

"Thanks to the goodness and forethought of your father, we are not left entirely destitute," replied Mrs. Duncan, hopefully, wiping a tear from her cheek.

"I didn't know there was anything left."

"After paying all the funeral expenses and the doctors'

bills, I shall have fifty dollars in money. Your father had no debts."

"Fifty dollars isn't much, mother, toward supporting the family. It wouldn't last two months."

"That is very true; we have more than that. Three years ago your father had his life insured for a thousand dollars, and this sum will be paid to me in a few days."

"I didn't know that," said Paul, greatly surprised to find they had what seemed to him so vast a sum. "We shall get along very well."

"Your father used to calculate that it cost him about eight dollars a week to live, or about four hundred dollars a year. If he had had work all the year round he might have saved a very handsome sum, he used to tell me."

"It will not cost us eight dollars a week now, will it?"

"No; we must live very prudently; but if it cost us only five, a thousand dollars would last but a few years, and what should we do then?"

"We must not spend it, then."

"Capt. Littleton told me what he thought we had better do. This house in which we live can be bought for fifteen hundred dollars, though the owner has always asked eighteen hundred, and——"

"You don't really think of such a thing as buying the house?" interrupted Paul, filled with amazement at the magnitude of the idea.

"That is what Capt. Littleton advises me to do."

"But you haven't money enough."

"I can give a mortgage for five hundred dollars. The rent of the house is one hundred and forty dollars, and Mr. Freeman says he cannot afford to let it for any less. Now, if we buy it, we can pay a thousand dollars down, and we shall owe five hundred, on which we shall have to pay the interest, amounting to thirty dollars. By this plan, we should have to pay out only about fifty dollars a year for interest and taxes, or about a dollar a week. In this way we can get along on five dollars a week."

"Buy the house then, by all means, mother. Five dollars a week! Well, I think I shall be able to support the family, after all."

"You, Paul?" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan, with a smile.

"I am sure I can."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know yet."

"Your poor father intended that you should enter the high school this fall; but I suppose that cannot be. Capt. Littleton said he would get you a place where you could have two or three dollars a week."

"I must make more than that, mother," replied Paul, shaking his head.

"You must not be too ambitious. If you get two or

three dollars a week, you will do very well, and that sum will be a great help to me."

"You heard what father said to me in his last moments?" said Paul, with solemn earnestness. "He told me to take care of my mother and of my brothers and sisters, and I mean to do so."

"But he never had a thought that you could earn money enough to support the whole of us. You are a good boy, Paul, but you must not try to do too much."

"If we can live on five dollars a week, I am almost sure I can earn that."

"That is a good deal for a boy like you."

"I can do it, I know."

"Capt. Littleton said he would find a place for you."

"I shall be very much obliged to him, and will take any place I can get; but I am certain before long that I can make five dollars a week."

"Don't think of such a thing. There are a great many men who get no more than that. You must work your way up, little by little, Paul, and one of these days you will obtain a good situation."

"That's just what I mean to do. Little by little—that's my motto; and if I can only get hold anywhere, you may leave the rest to me."

"You are a good boy, Paul, and you will succeed by and by," said Mrs. Duncan, proudly. "I expect to get some work myself next week, and I have no doubt we shall do very well."

"What work, mother?" asked Paul, a shadow of dissatisfaction passing over his face.

"Capt. Littleton thought he could get me a chance to make bags for the flour mills."

"I don't mean to have you take in work, mother. You have enough to do to take care of the house and the children."

"I can do a great deal besides. Sarah can help a great deal about the house, and with what we can all do, we shall get along very well indeed. We ought to be very thankful for all the blessings that surround us."

"We are enough sight better off than I thought," replied Paul; "but I don't want to have you make a slave of yourself. You used to work hard enough; and now, if you are going to take in work, you will wear yourself out in a very few years, mother."

"I guess not, Paul. There is somebody knocking at the door; go and see who it is."

Paul went to the door, and the visitor proved to be Capt. Littleton.

"I was looking for you, Paul," said he. "I'm going to give a dinner party to-morrow, and I want a mess of perch, fresh from the rocks, by twelve o'clock. I want you to go down and catch them for me. You always

have good luck at fishing. Will you do this for me, Paul?"

"Yes, sir; certainly I will."

"I will speak to your mother about it."

Paul conducted Capt. Littleton into the little parlor, and called his mother. She was willing that he should go, and glad to have him do something in return for the gentleman's repeated acts of kindness.

"I will give you twenty cents a dozen for them, Paul, and I want at least five dozen," continued the captain.

"He will not charge anything, sir," added Mrs. Duncan.

"Not a cent, sir," repeated Paul.

"It's a fair trade, young man, and I won't take them unless I pay for them."

"I don't want any pay from you, sir."

"But I choose to pay you, and you must take your orders from me in this instance. Have you any clams for bait?"

"No, sir. I will get some to-night."

"Very well; you may go and get them now and I will talk to your mother about a little business matter."

Paul took his hat and went down to the beach. Embarking in the old boat, he sailed over to Tenean, where plenty of clams were to be had, and a bucketful was soon procured. Like a prudent fisherman, he made all his arrangements for the next day. First he repaired the worn-out sail, then made a new sprit, and refitted the tiller to the rudder head. When everything was in ship-shape order about the boat, he took out his perch lines, ganged on a new hook, and rigged an extra sinker for use in case of accident.

"Going a-fishing, Paul?" said John Duncan, his brother, a lad of ten, who joined him when he had nearly completed his preparations.

"I'm going down in the morning to get a mess of perch for Capt. Littleton."

"Let me go with you, Paul?"

"You must go to school."

"It don't keep."

"Ask mother, then; if she is willing, I am."

"Have you got a line for me?"

"Yes."

John Duncan, for his years, was almost as much of a sailor and fisherman as Paul. Both of them took to the water like ducks, and seemed to understand all about a boat as if by instinct. The prospect of a day down below fired the imagination of the "young salt" and he ran up the bluff with all his might to obtain the desired permission.

"May I go a-fishing with Paul to-morrow mother?" shouted he, as he rushed into the parlor, without noticing the presence of Capt. Littleton.

"We will see about that by and by. Take off your cap."

"How do you do, John?" said Capt. Littleton.

"Pretty well," replied John, whose head keeled over on the port side, as he discovered the visitor, and three fingers found their way into his mouth.

"You want to go a-fishing, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think it is safe to let him go?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"I ain't afraid, mother," interrupted the young hopeful.

"I know you are not, and that's one reason why I don't like to trust you in the boat."

"Your boys take to the water in a natural way, and when boys have a decided taste of that kind, it isn't of much use to thwart them."

"I know it isn't; but John has worried my life out since he was four years old, for he is always in the water."

"I should use proper precaution with him, but Paul is so good a boatman that I should not be afraid to trust him in his care."

"You may go, John," added Mrs. Duncan. "I have almost made up my mind to let him live in the water; but I can't help going to the window when he is out on the beach, at least twenty times a day, to see if he isn't in trouble."

"To return to Paul," said Capt. Littleton, resuming the remarks which the entrance of John had interrupted. "I have the refusal of a place in a lawyer's office, where the salary is two dollars and a half a week. It is small pay, but it is better than nothing."

"He expects more than that. It would have astonished you to hear him talk a little while ago. He is going to assume the whole burden of supporting the family, and is not willing that I should do anything."

"He is a smart boy, and ought to have a good place."

"He says he means to make five dollars a week; but that is mere boy talk."

"I like his spirit, but he will hardly be expected to earn five dollars a week at present. I hope I shall be able to find him a better place than the one I spoke of."

"You are very good, sir; I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness."

"Don't mention it, ma'am. I am very glad to do anything I can for you. You have made up your mind, then, to purchase the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think that's the best thing you can do under the circumstances. The property is rising in value, and in a few years, if you should want to sell, it would bring two thousand dollars. I will see Freeman as I return, and the papers shall be made out immediately."

"Thank you, sir."

Capt. Littleton took his leave, and Mrs. Duncan was very grateful to him for the friendly interest he manifested in her affairs. When Paul returned to the house, his mother informed him that her friend had found a place for him; but the young aspirant had got an idea, and made up his mind to decline the situation.

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL COOKS HIS OWN BREAKFAST, AND GOES A-FISHING.

About six miles east of Bayville was a rocky island, around which perch were abundant. Paul had often been there with his father, and was familiar with the locality. He knew just where to moor his boat to have good luck in fishing, and was acquainted with all the channels, currents, and bars in the bay. He was not only a skillful seaman, but a good pilot, and felt as much at home on the bay as in the streets of Bayville.

It would be low tide in the bay at seven o'clock, and Paul made his calculations accordingly. The best time to fish was on the "young flood," or soon after the tide had turned to come in; and, if the wind should happen to be light or contrary, it would take him a long time to run down to Rock Island, as the place was called, therefore he must go down with the tide. To accomplish his purpose it was necessary that he should start by five o'clock in the morning, which was an hour before his usual breakfast time.

He did not sleep very well that night, for the great idea to which we have alluded was creating an immense commotion in his mind. He had reasoned out the certainty of his being able to support the family, and he felt as proud of his great resolution as though he had achieved its full fruits. When, at last, he dropped asleep, it was only to dream of great speculations, and of the satisfaction he should have in giving his mother money enough on Saturday night to pay all the expenses of the family for a week.

He woke very early in the morning, and as he jumped out of bed he heard the clock on the town hall strike four. He did not mean to disturb his mother, and therefore cautioned John not to make any noise. He was not like some boys, who growl and grumble at their mothers if their meals are not ready when they want them. Stealing softly downstairs he went to the back kitchen, and made a fire in the stove.

"Now, John, you go down to the boat, and bale her out," said he to his brother, as the latter joined him.

"Are you going without any breakfast?" asked John.

"No; breakfast will be ready by the time you have baled out the boat."

"You haven't called mother yet?"

"I don't mean to do so."

"Where will you get your breakfast, then?"

"I will get it myself."

"You don't know how to cook," replied John, incredulously.

"You see if I don't; now go ahead, and don't make a noise, or you will wake mother."

Paul then went down cellar and brought up a few potatoes, which he washed and put into the kettle. A piece of pork and a slice of veal were deposited in the frying pan, ready to be cooked at the proper time. The coffee, not omitting the important bit of fishskin, was put in the coffee pot, and operations in that quarter were suspended till the water in the tea kettle should boil. Though our hero had never actually performed these maneuvers with his own hands, he had seen them executed so many times that he was perfectly familiar with the routine.

Everything upon the stove was doing very well, and he pulled out the table, which he proceeded to cover with the proper articles for the morning meal. Each article was carefully disposed in its proper place, for Paul had already learned that food tastes better in the midst of order and neatness than when taken in dirt and confusion. It is true he made some mistakes for the want of experience, and was frequently obliged to stop and think what articles were required, but when the table was set, he was satisfied with its cheerful and neat appearance. By this time the tea kettle was spouting out long jets of steam, and the lid was rattling under the influence of the commotion beneath it. Paul poured a little of the boiling water into the coffee pot, and then came an appalling difficulty—he did not know how much to put in, and was not sure that he had taken the proper quantity of coffee. At a venture he filled the pot half full, and then proceeded to cook the meat. After the coffee had boiled ten or fifteen minutes, he tested its strength, and added more water. He was delighted with his success, and when John returned from the beach, he was putting the breakfast upon the table.

"Breakfast is ready," said Paul.

"Did you cook it, though?"

"I did; I told you I could."

"I'll give up now. Why don't you hire out for a cook?"

"Perhaps I shall one of these days."

"Wouldn't mother's eyes stick out if she should happen in about this time?"

"I guess not much."

But they did, for just as the boys were seating themselves at the table, Mrs. Duncan entered the room.

"Why, boys! what have you been doing?" exclaimed she, astonished at the regularity with which everything seemed to be proceeding in her absence.

"Only getting something to eat before we go," replied Paul.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"I thought I wouldn't get you up so early; besides, I could get breakfast just as well myself."

"I declare you are a good cook, Paul. Your potatoes and meat look as nice as can be. How is your coffee? Did you put a piece of fishskin in the pot?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you put any salt on the meat?"

"I did; come, mother, sit down and eat your breakfast."

Mrs. Duncan accepted this polite invitation, and seating herself in her accustomed place, began to pour out the coffee. It was clear, and of the right strength, and she liberally praised Paul for his culinary skill, and declared that her son was a jewel about the house. The breakfast seemed even better than usual that morning, and our hero was as proud as though he had built a meeting house.

"Come, John, we must bear a hand; there isn't a breath of wind, and it will take us some time to make Rock Island," said Paul, as he rose from the table. "Have you filled the jug with fresh water?"

"No, but I will."

"Here is some gingerbread and cheese for luncheon," added Mrs. Duncan, as she handed Paul a basket she had filled for their use. "Now, be very careful, and don't run any risk. Look out for squalls, and don't carry sail too long."

"I'll be very careful, mother. You may trust me to go round the world," replied Paul.

"But I wish you had a better boat."

"She'll do very well, mother, though I hope to have a better one some time or other."

The jug was filled at the pump, and with their provisions and water the boys set off with light hearts for the work of the day.

Paul felt the responsibility of the trust which Capt. Littleton had imposed upon him. He was going to make some money by the operation, and upon this day's success depended the hopes which he had been fondly cherishing in regard to his new scheme.

There are always some drawbacks to disturb the best laid plans, and when Paul reached the bluff, he discovered the boat adrift at some distance from the shore.

"You are a careless fellow, John," he cried. "You didn't make fast the boat."

"That's too bad, Paul; I didn't mean to do that," replied John, vexed at the accident.

"I don't suppose you did; but you are careless."

"I thought I made her fast. What shall we do, Paul? I would rather given anything than had this happen."

"So would I; but there is no use of crying about it. There isn't a skiff to be had within half a mile of here."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Paul," said John, putting

down the jug and throwing off his jacket. "I'll swim out to her and scull her in."

Paul made no objection to this plan, and in half a minute more John had stripped and was swimming with all his might after the boat, which was perhaps fifty rods from the shore. He was a vigorous swimmer, as self-possessed in the water as on the land, and his brother had no fears in regard to his safety, or his ability to reach the boat.

It did not take the little fellow long to catch the boat, and the accident did not make more than half an hour's delay. The stores were taken on board, and before John had time to dress himself, the boat was under sail, and working slowly down the bay. A light breeze from the west had sprung up, and a gentle ripple at the bow assured the young fishermen that everything was progressing in a satisfactory manner.

"I should like to be a fisherman, Paul," said John, who sat on the bottom of the boat opening clams for bait.

"Perhaps you may be one of these days," replied Paul, moodily. "I think I shall do something in that line right off."

"You, Paul?"

"Yes, but don't you say a word about it to anybody, above all, not to mother. I have been thinking about it all night."

"What do you mean, Paul?"

The ambitious youth had a great idea in his mind, which was struggling to be actualized. More than twenty times since the preceding evening had the words of Capt. Littleton crossed his imagination, and kindled up a great blaze of possibilities and probabilities. "I will give you twenty cents a dozen for them," the captain had said. If he would buy perch, others would as well. Paul had a boat, and there would not be many days when he could not catch as many as five or six dozen. Even at a shilling a dozen he could make a dollar a day.

This was his scheme—to supply Bayville with fresh fish. He had as good a chance to sell them as the men who went through the place blowing their tin horns. He should have an advantage over them, for his fish were certain to be fresh, and he was sure the people would be willing to patronize him. The plan promised exceedingly well, and he wished to talk it over with some one, though he was not quite ready to have it made public. It was true John was only ten years old, and didn't know much, but he wanted to talk with somebody about it, and so he concluded to take his brother into his confidence.

"What do I mean, John?" said he. "Why can't I catch perch every day, and sell them in town?"

"Sure enough, why can't you?" replied John, delighted

with the idea, and perhaps bringing some selfish motives to bear upon it.

"We can haul 'em in as fast as we can throw over the line off the rocks, and there are rich folks enough in Bayville to buy them."

"It's a first-rate idea," exclaimed John, with enthusiasm. "You might go down farther, and catch cod and haddock."

"I would if I had a good boat."

"Father used to go out after cod and haddock in this boat."

"I know, but she is getting rather shaky."

The great idea was discussed in all its bearings till they reached Rock Island, when Paul carefully selected his position, and let go the anchor. The hooks were baited and the lines thrown over, and never before had Paul taken his fishing apparatus when so much seemed to depend upon the success of his efforts. His heart beat as the sinker touched the bottom, and he pulled it up the proper distance. All his fortunes for the future appeared to hang upon the result.

"Hurrah! I've got one!" shouted John, as with childish eagerness he pulled in his line.

It was a sculpin!

Was this a type of his own success? Was he to watch his chance on the great sea of life, and finally, after all his anxious watching and toil, was he to pull in only a sculpin? These were painful thoughts to Paul, and his heart almost sank within him, as he considered the possible failure of his favorite scheme. If he failed in this, he must accept the paltry two dollars and a half a week and let his mother drudge like a slave. He could not tolerate the thought of failure, and—

A bite!

Paul did not whistle till he got out of the woods and announced his success to John by slapping a monster perch upon the bottom of the boat. If that was a type of his success he was satisfied. Before he had time to follow out the reflections suggested by the event, John hauled in the mate to the big fish, and another had taken hold of his own hook.

By ten o'clock there were six dozen perch in the basket, besides three handsome tautog and half a dozen sea flounders. The young fisherman was satisfied, hauled up killock, and made sail for home. His heart was as light as the upper air, and he was confident of the success of his grand scheme.

CHAPTER V.

PAUL MAKES A GOOD SPECULATION.

"Now, John, you must steer, while I skin the perch," said Paul, as he resigned the helm to his brother.

"That I will," replied he, with alacrity, for he did not

often get a chance to handle the boat, and was fond of the amusement.

"But you must be careful, and keep your eyes open, for we have no time to spare," added the youthful skipper.

"Do you think I don't know how to steer a boat?" asked John, hurt by the insinuation.

"You know how well enough, if you will pay attention to it, and not be fooling with her."

"I'll keep her right."

Paul took from under the thwart an old shoe knife which had been ground down to one-third of its original width. It had been well sharpened for this important occasion, but he had provided an old whetstone as a further precaution against a dull blade. To skin a perch neatly and expeditiously is a nice operation; but Paul had had sufficient practice in the art to render him a skillful hand. Seating himself on the lee rail, he commenced work in earnest, occasionally glancing up to see that the boat was doing her best in the way of sailing.

"How much will you make, Paul, if you sell all your fish?" asked John.

"The perch will bring a dollar and twenty cents if I get twenty cents a dozen for them."

"The tautog are worth something."

"They are worth a quarter apiece."

"You have done a good day's work, then?"

"If I sell the fish, I shall," answered Paul, with a smile of satisfaction. "Come, John, the sail is shaking, and you have lost the wind," he added, as his brother carelessly luffed her up.

"I was adding up the perch and the tautog."

"You must mind the boat; you must stop talking, if you can't do your duty without."

John promised to be more careful, and Paul had no further occasion to complain of his inattention. The young fisherman was a good boy, but he had not yet been trained to that steadiness of purpose which is necessary to success. He was only ten years old, and it was not to be expected that he should fully appreciate the earnestness of his brother's purpose, though he was beginning to realize that close attention was necessary in order to accomplish great deeds. He was fond of trying experiments, just for the fun of the thing; and when he had been permitted to take the helm on other occasions, he wanted to do something besides keep her in a direct course—to see how close she would lie to the wind without letting the sail shake, to run down a floating mass of seaweed, or chase a stick of wood; but on this trip he was guilty of no greater fault than carelessness.

Long before the boat reached Bayville Paul had skinned and strung the fish; and their appearance on the line was creditable to his skill. Leaving John to secure the boat, he took the fish and hastened up to the house of Capt.

Littleton. He found that gentleman in his garden with his guests.

"Well, Paul, what luck?" asked he, as the young fisherman came in sight.

"First rate, sir."

"How many have you got?"

"Six dozen."

"Just the number I want. Carry them into the kitchen, Paul. I declare you have dressed them very nicely."

"I tried to have them right, sir, and I am glad they suit you," replied Paul, modestly, as he walked toward the rear of the house.

"Stop, Paul; what have you got there?" said Capt. Littleton.

"Tautog, sir; and if you will permit me, I will leave them in the kitchen with the perch."

"You are a lucky fisherman, Paul; those are handsome fish, and if you will leave them, I will make it all right when you come out. That is a luxury I did not expect."

Paul was delighted by the commendation of his friend, and the splendid scheme of his future operations increased in importance with every word that was uttered. With a light heart he ran into the kitchen with his stock, and then returned to Capt. Littleton.

"Here is two dollars, Paul," said he, handing him a bill.

"That is too much, sir," stammered Paul, overwhelmed at the idea of having made two dollars in one day.

"It is right, my boy; take it. You mustn't be bashful if you are going to fight your way through the world."

"You are very kind, sir, but this is more than the fish come to," answered Paul, taking the bill.

"No, it isn't; the perch come to a dollar and twenty cents, the tautog to seventy-five, which make a dollar and ninety-five cents. So we will call it square, and I am very much obliged to you besides."

"I didn't mean to charge you anything for the tautog, sir."

"Look here, Paul, when you get rich I will accept your gifts; but now, my boy, I will take the will for the deed, and I feel just as grateful to you as though you had presented me a service of plate. You have done well, and I am glad of it."

"Thank you, sir; I am very much obliged to you for this, and for all you have done for my mother," replied Paul, gratefully, as he put the bank bill in his pocket.

"By the way, how about that place in the lawyer's office, Paul?" said Capt. Littleton, as the young fisherman turned to go home.

"If you please, sir, I had rather not take the place."

"You are going to do better, then?"

"Yes, sir; I think I can. I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"Not at all, my boy; I didn't think the situation would

be large enough to suit your ambition. What are you going to do, Paul?"

"I am going to catch fish, and sell them in town, sir," replied Paul, boldly, though he could hardly keep down the emotions that swelled in his bosom.

"Good, my boy! I like an enterprising spirit, and I dare say you will do very well. You may put me down for two dozen perch every Saturday."

"Thank you, sir."

"I will speak to my neighbors, and I have no doubt you will find a market for all the fish you can catch."

"You are very kind."

"What does your mother say about the plan?"

"I haven't told her yet. It is a new idea. I am afraid she will not like it very well."

"She will not object very strongly."

"If you would speak to her about it, if you please, sir, she will think everything of what you say."

"I will, Paul. When you catch any more tautog be sure and bring them to me."

"I certainly will, Capt. Littleton," answered Paul, as he bounded toward home, his heart filled with gratitude to his friend, and with hope for the success of his darling scheme.

Half a dozen times on the way he put his hand into his pocket to feel of the old black wallet that contained the proceeds of his first day's work. He had never done a job before which produced more than half a dollar, and the immense sum in his pocket seemed enough to make or break an ordinary bank. Such a run of luck was almost incredible. Wouldn't his mother be astonished when he handed her that two-dollar bill?

He had some misgivings in regard to his mother's consent, for like all good mothers who love their sons, she did not like to have him exposed to danger. But that two-dollar bill, and the brilliant promise of success which the future held out to him, would be strong arguments in favor of the scheme, and he hoped to triumph over every objection she could present.

Before he reached the cottage Paul contrived to subdue some of his enthusiasm, and walked into the kitchen, where his mother was getting dinner, as coolly and indifferently as though nothing extraordinary had happened. It was hard work for him to keep down the excitement that was raging within, but he had determined not to make a fool of himself.

"Well, Paul, have you had a good time?" said Mrs. Duncan as he entered the room.

"First-rate, mother," he replied; though he was not exactly pleased to find that she regarded the trip to Rock Island in the light of a pleasure excursion.

"Did you get as many fish as Capt. Littleton wanted?"

"Yes, more too; I left six dozen perch and three fine, handsome tautog in his kitchen just now."

"You were lucky."

"I am good for as many as that every day. Look here, mother;" and he pulled out his wallet, and took therefrom the two-dollar bill. "What do you think of that?"

"Did he give you all that?"

"He did."

"He is very liberal."

"That he is; but the fish came to about that; the tautog are worth a quarter apiece."

"You have done bravely, my boy. If you could make half as much money as that every day, we should easily meet all our necessities, and more, too."

"I can, mother; and I mean to do so," replied Paul, thinking this a good opportunity to announce his magnificent intentions.

"You mustn't be too confident, Paul."

"I know I can."

"And, pray, what do you mean to do?" inquired Mrs. Duncan, with an incredulous smile.

"I am going into the fishing business, mother."

"Into what?"

"Into the fishing business."

"What in the world do you mean by that?"

"I mean just what I say, mother."

"Is the boy crazy?" demanded Mrs. Duncan, suspending her culinary operations, and looking with interest into the animated face of her son.

"I am as regular as I ever was in my life. I've thought it all over, and spoken to Capt. Littleton besides; and he says go ahead," replied Paul, making an early use of the captain's encouraging words.

"But I don't understand what you mean. Going into the fishing business?"

"Yes, ma'am; we've got a boat, and I mean to go down to Rock Island every day, Sundays excepted, and catch perch. I mean to sell them here in Bayville, and Capt. Littleton told me to put him down for two dozen every Saturday. That's the idea, mother."

"But, Paul——"

"If I can get a shilling a dozen for them, I can make a dollar a day as easily as you can turn your hand over," added Paul, who was not disposed to let his mother speak upon impulse.

"You would have to be on the water every day."

"What of that, mother? The water is a good thing to be on, and just as safe as the land, if you are only a mind to think so."

"Rather dangerous, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no, mother; it's only a notion some folks have, that the water isn't safe."

"Hundreds of people are drowned every year."

"And hundreds smashed up and killed on the railroads. Why, Capt. Mitchell don't think it is safe to go about much on the land. He only feels secure when he is in his old whale boat. He won't get into any chaise or wagon—don't think it is safe to ride in them; but he knocks about the bay in all sorts of weather. Please don't object to it, mother, for I've set my heart upon the business, and I'm satisfied I shall do well," said Paul, with kindling enthusiasm.

"Well, if you are set upon it, I don't want to say too much against it," replied Mrs. Duncan, doubtfully.

"Capt. Littleton will speak to you about it, and he understands these things."

"I know he does; but after all, I would rather have you safe on land."

"I shall be safe enough, mother; and I shall be able to take care of the family without your making bags."

"You are a good boy, Paul," added his mother, turning away from him to wipe away the tears that moistened her eyes, for in the loneliness of her widowhood she realized what it was to have such a noble and devoted son.

Paul was delighted to think he had so easily smoothed over matters with her. He had expected to have a hard beat to windward in reconciling her to his plan, but she had proved much more reasonable than he anticipated. He attributed his ready victory in a great measure to the influence of Capt. Littleton's name, and he was confident he would remove any remaining doubts she might harbor.

After dinner Paul went up to his room, and taking from his drawer a little account book which had long been waiting to be used, he entered the amount of the day's sales upon the first page.

"Little by little," said he, as he returned the book to the drawer, "and one of these days I shall be rich."

This was a very comforting reflection, and notwithstanding the possible slip between the cup and the lip, he enjoyed the full benefit of it.

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL GOES INTO BUSINESS ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

Before night all the arrangements for the next day's trip were completed, and Paul retired at an early hour, so as to be up in season in the morning. The excitement which his great project created in his mind, however, would not let him sleep till he was actually exhausted with thinking. He did not wake till five o'clock in the morning, which made him so ashamed of himself, that he could hardly conceal his vexation, especially as he found his mother was up, and his breakfast was nearly ready, when he went downstairs. But on reflection he found he was early enough, for it would be low tide nearly an hour later than on the preceding day.

While he was eating his breakfast his brother John came down. It was an unusually early hour for him to rise, and it was evident from the haste with which he completed his toilet, after he found Paul had not gone, that he had an idea of his own, as well as his brother.

"May I go with you, Paul?" asked he.

"You must go to school."

"Mayn't I stay away from school to-day, mother?" added he, turning quickly to Mrs. Duncan.

"I'd rather you wouldn't, John."

"Why not, mother?" whined he.

"I don't want you to stay out of school a single day, when it can be prevented."

"I should think I might go with Paul. I can catch as many fish as he can."

"Paul is older than you are, and he always kept close to his school till he left."

"I want to do something toward supporting the family, as well as he."

Mrs. Duncan laughed, and so did Paul; for however ambitious the young gentleman might have been to bear his full share of the burden of the family, it was too evident that his taste for boating and fishing was the dominant motive for absenting himself from school.

"Let me go with you, Paul."

"Mother says you must go to school, and I think you had better be there."

"Who will steer the boat while you skin the fish?" demanded John, who had a proper idea of the value of his services, and was not at all pleased at the thought of having them undervalued.

"I shall try to get along some way without you. I should like to have you go, first rate, John; but I don't think you ought to stay out of school. You will have a vacation next week, and you may go every day then, if you want to."

"You ought to take me with you, Paul," continued John, resorting to the persuasive, now that the argumentative had failed.

"I tell you I should like to have you go with me, if it were not for your school."

John exhausted his store of arguments and persuasions without effect, and then fled to his room to cry over his defeat. Paul sympathized with his brother in his disappointment, but as the head of the family he could not, on principle, yield the point. Taking his jug of water and his lunch, he left the house and hastened to the beach. The wind was light, as on the preceding day, and it took him nearly two hours to run down to Rock Island, for the old boat was a very heavy sailer even under the most favorable circumstances.

Paul did not feel quite so nervous as on the day before, for he was so confident of success that he did not feel

uneasy even when he did not get a bite for a quarter of an hour. The perch were accommodating in the main, and did not disappoint him, for at twelve o'clock—as he judged it to be by the height of the tide—he had seven dozen in the boat, and they were still biting as greedily as when he first commenced. He had two lines on board, and he tried the experiment of using them both at the same time, though without much success, for perch are fastidious, and require a great deal of attention. While he was pulling in a fish upon one line, the sly rogues in the brine stole his bait from the other, and he came to the conclusion it was not best to have too many irons in the fire at once.

Paul did not like to abandon the field while it was yielding such a rich harvest, but he was a prudent fisherman, and not disposed to run any risks. The tide would turn in less than two hours, and he knew it would be impossible to run up to Bayville against both wind and tide. The old boat was not equal to any such emergency, and he reluctantly wound up his line and made sail for home.

The seven dozen perch were to be cleaned, and when he got fairly under way he missed John, for it was difficult for him to skin fish and work the boat at the same time. Seating himself in the stern, he passed his arm round the tiller—for there was no comb to keep it in place—and commenced his labors. He soon found that he was working at a great disadvantage, and he exerted his ingenuity to devise a plan for overcoming the difficulty. Taking a small line, he made the middle of it fast to the end of the tiller; then passing it round the cleats, he tied the ends together. This apparatus kept the tiller in its place, and he could change it to any required position by pulling the line. Resuming his labors upon the fish, he found his plan worked very well, and the perch were in readiness for market when he reached the shore. After securing the boat he hastened with the fish to the cottage, where his dinner was waiting for him. His mother congratulated him upon his success, and told him that Capt. Littleton had been to see her during his absence, and that she was entirely reconciled to his new occupation.

The most difficult part of the business, in Paul's estimation, was yet to come—that of selling the fish. As he left the house with his precious load of merchandise, he could not help feeling that the grand scheme was still an experiment, for it had not been demonstrated that Bayville would buy six or eight dozen of perch every day. It was a large town, containing about six thousand inhabitants; and as he walked along, he brought his mathematical knowledge into use in an attempt to convince himself that the market was large enough to keep him busy during the season. At the least calculation there were six hundred families in the town, and probably a thousand. If each family would buy a mess of perch once in ten

days, it would make six hundred dozen in that time, or sixty dozen a day; but, to make allowance for overestimates, he was willing to reduce the total one-half, and call it thirty dozen a day. The fisherman would supply a large portion of the demand, but he concluded that he should have no difficulty in selling all the perch he could catch.

Passing the house of Capt. Littleton, the next was that of Maj. Nettle, and he resolved to make his first attempt to sell. The gentleman was not at home, and the servants didn't know anything about it; and he was just leaving when Thomas Nettle accosted him.

"What have you got, Paul?"

"Perch; do your folks want to buy any?"

"Yes; I guess they do. Where did you catch them?"

"Down at Rock Island; I am going down every day."

"Are you, though? I should like to go with you some time."

"I shall be glad to have you. I have gone into this business."

"What for?"

"Since my father died, I have to do something to help my mother," replied Paul, not caring to announce to his friend the whole of his stupendous plan.

"Do you expect to do anything at this business?"

"Certainly I do; I made two dollars yesterday."

"Did you, though?"

"Do your folks want any perch to-day?"

"I guess they do; how much a dozen?"

"Seventeen cents," replied Paul, who had decided to be moderate in his prices.

"I will speak to my mother."

Thomas returned in a short time, and took two dozen of the fish, and paid the money for them. Overjoyed at this success, he proceeded to the next house; but though he was eloquent in regard to the freshness and fineness of his wares, he could not make a trade. He met with no better success at the next three or four places at which he called, and he began to feel a little discouraged. But the next house in his way was a large, genteel boarding house, and he had the satisfaction of selling four dozen at the price he had before fixed, though he had almost made up his mind to let them go at ninepence. The gentleman who kept the house was pleased to get the perch, and wanted the young fisherman to bring him some three times a week for the present, for his boarders were very fond of them.

Paul could scarcely contain himself for the joy he felt, as he glanced at the only remaining dozen of his stock, and at the very next house he disposed of them. With a dollar and nineteen cents in his pocket, he walked toward home, proud as a lord of his success. The result of this day's work afforded him far more satisfaction than that

of the preceding day, though the proceeds were considerably less; for he was conscious of the influence of Capt. Littleton's generosity in the transaction. But the second day's triumph was achieved by his own unaided labor and skill. What he had done this day was a fair specimen of what he might hope to do in the future.

"Sold out so soon, Paul?" said his mother, as he entered the kitchen.

"Yes; I had good luck. They took four dozen at the boarding house. I think if I had had twenty dozen I could have sold them all. There is a great deal of difference between perch just out of the water, fresh and good, and perch which have been dragged about in a fish cart, under a hot sun, for two or three days."

Mrs. Duncan fully agreed with this sage remark, and did not think it improved any kind of fish to keep them a great while after they were caught.

"One dollar and nineteen cents, mother; here is the money," continued Paul, emptying the contents of the wallet in her lap. "What do you think of the fishing business now, mother?"

"It has proved to be a very good business so far; but you must not expect people to eat perch all the year round, Paul. They will get sick of them after a while."

"Then I shall go farther off; but there are other fish besides perch, and I don't intend to confine my operations to one kind. There are eels, and smelts, and cod, and haddock; and if worse comes to worse, I can go into the clam trade."

"What a boy!" laughed Mrs. Duncan. "You are so set, that I have no doubt you'll succeed."

"If I don't, it shall not be my fault," replied Paul, complacently.

"But you don't mean to follow this business all your life?"

"Why not?"

"The life of a fisherman is not the pleasantest in the world."

"That's according to one's taste. If I only had a good boat, I can't think of anything that would suit me better."

"It is hard work."

"So much the better. You said that five dollars a week would support the family. Now, if you have no objection, I will save up all I make over that sum, till I get enough to buy a boat."

"Certainly, Paul; and if you give me three dollars a week, or even two, I can get along very well."

"I shall not do that, mother. I am going to support the family, anyhow, and I wish you wouldn't take any more bags to make."

"You mustn't think of doing too much, Paul."

"Too much! I shall be idle half the time, at this rate. Here I am, with my day's work done at three

o'clock in the afternoon. I don't want you to do anything, mother, but take care of the house, as you always used to do."

"There will certainly be no need of it, if you get along as well as you expect. How much will such a boat as you want cost, Paul?"

"Well, I don't know; when I buy, I want to get a first-rate one."

"How much do you think?"

"Fifty to seventy-five dollars; but I won't think of such a thing yet a while. The old one will do very well for the present. I can save up something every week, and little by little, I shall make up enough to get just such a boat as I want."

"You might take the money from the life insurance; for Mr. Freeman will perhaps sell us the house, if we pay nine hundred dollars down."

"I won't do that, mother. My boat shall be bought with my own earnings."

"I will lend you the money, then."

"No, I won't get in debt."

"But a new boat would be safer."

"The old one is safe enough; all the fault I find with her is that it takes her so long to get down to the fishing ground."

Paul resolutely refused to run in debt, or to touch the money which had been appropriated for the purchase of the house. He intended, when he had time, to fix up the old boat, and rig a jib on, which he thought would overcome his principal objection to her.

When he went to bed that night he entered the proceeds of this day's work in his book, and then, with pardonable pride, he congratulated himself on the sum total of the earnings of the two days.

CHAPTER VII.

PAUL TAKES A COLD BATH.

The limits of our little volume do not permit us to follow Paul Duncan into the minutiae of his prosperous business, and we are reminded that great events in his experience are yet to be introduced. He was successful in his undertaking, though, like all in this inconstant world, he was subjected to trials and disappointments. There were some days when it was so rough off the rocks that he could not fish, and there were others when he had to travel many miles before he could sell fish. During John's vacation his receipts amounted to about two dollars a day, which went a great way in counterbalancing the ill luck of the next week. On an average he earned about a dollar a day.

He had won a reputation in Bayville which helped him a great deal in disposing of his merchandise. People

saw him working hard to supply the place of his father, and they were glad to encourage him, as there are always found enough who are willing to help those that help themselves. The sympathy and kindness of his neighbors were a great assistance to him, and no doubt without them his fish would have oftener been a drug in the market.

Paul inherited some portion of his father's mechanical skill, and on the first stormy day after he set up in business he commenced his contemplated improvements upon the old boat. She was a very poor subject to work upon, but he got out the wood for building a half deck over her, which he fitted on as he had opportunity. A short bowsprit was added to her rig, and his mother made him a jib, which he cut out himself. Thus refitted, the old boat, though her main defects could not be remedied, was much improved and worked better than before. She was far from coming up to the young fisherman's ideal of a trim craft, and he cherished a strong hope that before many years had passed away he should have the satisfaction of sailing such a boat as his fancy had already clearly defined. The time was closer at hand than he suspected.

One day early in the month of July Paul was making his way home from the rocks in a smart blow. While he was fishing the wind had hauled round to the northeast, and continued to freshen till it became a reefing breeze. He had got but a small fare of fish, for the heavy sea had interfered with his operations. He disliked to leave the fishing ground, but it was sufficiently evident to him that a storm was approaching. He had often promised his mother that he would be very careful, and the present seemed a proper time to exercise that caution. John was with him, and in spite of this bold youth's most earnest protest, he got up the anchor and made sail for home.

"What are you afraid of, Paul?" demanded John, with evident disgust.

"You are a pretty sailor! Don't you see it is going to blow a young hurricane?"

"What if it does? I should like to be out in a blow once. I want to know what it's like," replied the reckless boy.

"You may know now, before you get home. Don't you see the whitecaps on the waves off to windward?"

"I like the looks of them, and it's fun to skip over them."

"I don't want to worry mother. She's at the window by this time, looking out for the boat. Do you think there is any fun in making her uneasy? Besides, I don't think it is safe to stay here any longer. There comes the *Flyaway* under jib and mainsail."

"What of it?"

"She went down to be gone all day. What do you suppose she's coming back for at this early hour?"

"I suppose Capt. Littleton didn't want to make the women on board seasick," promptly replied John.

"Would the foresail make them sick? She has taken the bonnet off her jib, too. Capt. Littleton knows when to expect a gale, and we shall have it soon."

So it seemed by the working of the little boat, for she tossed up and down on the waves like a feather, and thrust her bows under so far that John had to waste some of his enthusiasm upon the baling kettle. Paul had not hoisted the jib, for the mainsail was all the old craft could stagger under, and her youthful skipper expected soon to be obliged to reef. The *Flyaway* was at the eastward of the island, driving over and through the waves like a phantom. The spray was dashing over her bows, and her jib was wet several feet above the boltrope. She was working to windward till she could clear the island, when she would have the wind free into Bayville Harbor. Perhaps some of my non-nautical young readers will need to be informed that working to windward means sailing in a zigzag line in the direction from which the wind blows.

The *Flyaway* ran close in to Rock Island, and tacked at the very spot where Paul had just been lying at anchor, and his boat was not more than the eighth of a mile distant from her. The boys could distinctly see the ladies and gentlemen on board of her, and replied to signals of recognition that were made to them. There were several children on her deck, and Paul identified Carrie Littleton in a little girl of ten, who was waving her handkerchief to him. As the yacht came up into the wind and before the boom swung over, the young lady jumped upon the taffrail to obtain a better view of them. To the horror of all who saw the accident, the heavy spar struck her on the shoulder and she was knocked overboard. The *Flyaway*, catching the wind, flew from the spot, and when the little girl rose to the surface of the water she was out of the reach of those on board of her.

"Heavens and earth!" shouted Paul, jumping up from his seat, as he beheld the catastrophe. "There is Carrie Littleton knocked overboard by the boom!"

"Oh, dear! She will be drowned!" gasped John.

"Take the helm, John! Don't blubber! Quick!" cried Paul, as he leaped forward, and brailed up the sail. "Now, hard down! Lively!"

The boat, which was making very good headway, came about, and was headed toward the island. Shaking out the sail again, she bore down toward the unfortunate girl. In the meantime the *Flyaway* had luffed up; though she was nearer to Carrie than Paul's boat, she was rapidly drifting to leeward. Her tender, which was a light canoe, had been placed upon deck, and the crew were launching

her; but as they did so, by the clumsiness of some one engaged in the operation, she filled as she struck the water, and they were obliged to haul her up again with the halyards.

Before they had made fast to the painter of the canoe, Paul had reached the scene of the disaster; but poor Carrie had sunk beneath the angry waves. She had evidently been injured by the blow of the boom, and was unable to make any exertion.

"Now mind your eye, John!" shouted Paul, as he dashed off his coat and shoes. "When I dive, throw her up into the wind."

"Look out, Paul; don't do that," remonstrated his brother. "You will be drowned yourself. Fish her up with the boat hook. Mother will——"

The intrepid youth, disregarding the terror of his brother, dived over the bow of the boat the moment he saw the form of the poor girl, which was revealed to him by the white dress she wore. John obeyed the instructions he had received, but before Paul reappeared with the drowning child in his arms the boat had drifted some distance from the spot.

"Haul aft your sheet!" gasped Paul, when he had regained breath enough to speak.

John obeyed, but his terror had almost paralyzed his arm, and his action was not so prompt as it might have been; but the boat slowly gathered headway and moved toward the struggling youth. Paul battled manfully with the big waves, which repeatedly swept him under, and determined to die rather than drop his helpless burden.

As the boat came down upon him, Paul supported Carrie with one arm and grasped the gunwale with the other.

"Luff up!" said he. "Now, catch hold of her and help haul her in," he added, as the boat came up into the wind.

John did his best, but he was not strong enough to draw the lifeless form into the boat. Bidding him hold on for his life, Paul leaped into the boat, and drew her in.

"Keep her away for the yacht," cried Paul, as he placed the form of the poor girl—for he was not certain that it was still animated by the vital spark—in the bottom of the boat.

Turning her face down, in order to let the water run out of her mouth, he used all the efforts his knowledge and his means would permit to promote her restoration. In a few moments the boat came alongside the *Flyaway*, though John, in the excitement of the moment, stove her gunwale in and had nearly added another calamity to the chapter of accidents.

Capt. Littleton jumped into the boat as she struck the side, and seizing the beloved child in his arms, leaped back upon deck and then rushed into the cabin.

"Hand up your painter, Paul, and come on board, both of you," said Capt. Gordon, the skipper of the *Flyaway*.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Paul, too much interested in the fate of poor Carrie to think of parting company with the yacht.

The fishing boat was made fast at the stern of the *Flyaway*, and she stood off again to clear the rocks around the island. All the party on board had followed Capt. Littleton into the cabin to learn the condition of his child or to render assistance in restoring her. It was very fortunate that Dr. Lawrence was one of the company, for he was a very skillful man, and under his direction the measures for the relief of Carrie were conducted.

The *Flyaway* had reached her berth at the mouth of the river before the efforts for the child's restoration promised to be effectual. It was found that the blow of the boom had not seriously injured her. In an hour after the yacht reached her moorings she was able to speak, and the doctor ordered her to be taken home.

Before the yacht reached her berth a pair of anxious eyes from the chamber window of the cottage had discovered the dingy old boat towing at her stern. The mother's heart almost failed her, as her imagination pictured some dreadful calamity that had happened to her boys. Filled with dreadful forebodings, she seized her shawl and bonnet and hastened to the landing in the rear of Capt. Littleton's house. They were bringing home the boat in which her boys had gone out, and she feared that one or both of them had been lost. She tried to believe that the yacht had overtaken them, and that Capt. Littleton had invited them on board, but her fears were stronger than her hopes.

When she reached the landing place she saw that the gunwale of the old boat was stove, and her heart sank within her. There were several persons at the landing, and she told them what she feared. One of them took a skiff and rowed out to the yacht. Paul and John were both in the cabin, and when the messenger came alongside the captain called them on deck. Seeing Mrs. Duncan on the shore, they at once got into their boat and soon joined her.

"I never was so glad to see you before in my life," exclaimed the delighted mother, clasping them both to her bosom. "Why, Paul, you are as wet as a drowned rat! You have been overboard; I know you have!"

"That's so, mother; but I didn't upset nor fall overboard. I went over of my own free will."

"Yes, he did, mother," interrupted John. "Carrie Littleton was knocked overboard by the boom, the *Flyaway's* boat got swamped, and she drifted to leeward, and we came about, and bore down on her, and Paul dived after her, and I worked the boat, and we hauled her in and took her on board the *Flyaway*—didn't we, Paul?" and John sputtered as though his own mouth had been full of salt water.

"We did," replied Paul.

"You will catch your death a-cold, Paul. Do come home now."

"I must take the boat round."

One of the bystanders, all of whom had listened with eager interest to the particulars of the accident, volunteered to perform this service for him; and Paul, shivering with cold, ran home, followed by his mother and John.

"Where is Paul Duncan?" demanded Capt. Littleton, after the doctor had ordered his daughter to be carried home.

"Gone, half an hour ago, sir," replied Capt. Gordon.

"God bless him!" fervently ejaculated the grateful father; and he proceeded to give directions for the removal of Carrie.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAUL BECOMES SKIPPER OF THE FAWN.

The heroic act of Paul in saving the life of Carrie Littleton was the principal topic of conversation in Bayville for the next week. Of course it was the unanimous vote of the people that Paul was a hero, and there was some talk of giving him a complimentary dinner, and making speeches at him; but the good sense of the strong-minded men and women of the place prevailed, and he was not treated with the honors that turn the head of a third-rate politician. But everybody thought something ought to be done, and after a full week had passed by, everybody wondered that Capt. Littleton did not do something; that he did not make Paul a present of a gold medal, or give him a check for a hundred dollars. The gossips could not find out that he had done anything more than thank Paul, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, for the noble service he had rendered him. The captain had the reputation of being a very liberal man, but the glory of his good name seemed to be rapidly passing away.

Our young fisherman, apparently unmoved by the honors that clustered around his name, pursued his humble avocation with pride and pleasure—with pride, because he had been successful by his own unaided exertions; with pleasure, because he was actually relieving his mother from the entire burden of supporting the family. Since the rescue of Carrie, perch, tomcod, flounders and tautog had been in greater demand than ever, for many of the rich people bought fish, even when they did not want them, just for the sake of patronizing the young hero; and the poor people ate fish oftener than they would if their admiration for the little fish merchant had been less.

The long summer vacation had commenced, and the boys were let loose from school for six weeks. John felt as though he had been emancipated from a dreadful

drudgery. He could scarcely repress his exuberant joy, as he carried home his books on the last day of the term. Paul reproved him for his dislike of school, and told him he might see the day when he would appreciate the advantages of a good education.

"I don't dislike school," growled John, though it was a good-natured growl.

"Yes, you do; you hate school," added Paul. "If you did not, you would not be so glad to get away from it."

"Not that I love Cæsar less, but I love Rome more," replied John, laughing.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Paul, amused at the attitude into which his brother threw himself as he uttered the quotation.

"Not that I love school less, but I love fishing more; that's the idea," replied John.

"I hope you will get enough of it in six weeks, then."

"I hope so, but I don't believe I shall. At any rate, I'm going every day, and I'm going to be first mate of the *Blowout*."

"The what?"

"The *Blowout*; that's what I have christened the old boat."

"That's a very beautiful name."

"And she's a very beautiful boat," laughed John. "I wish you had a better one."

"So do I; perhaps I may have one of these days."

"Somebody's got a new one, Paul," added John. "There is one moored off Mercantile Point. Did you see her?"

"No; whose is she?"

"I don't know; I saw her come up the bay as I came home from school. She's a perfect beauty."

"We will go over and see her by and by," said Paul, for a new boat was an object of interest to him, and he always improved the opportunity to inspect any strange craft that visited the bay. "But, John, we must be off early on Monday morning, and the jib of the *Blowout*, as you call her, wants mending. We will go down and sew it up."

The brothers repaired to the beach, where the old boat was now high and dry upon the sand, and taking a little box containing the thread, needle and wax for mending the sail, they commenced their labors. Their busy hands soon completed the task, and the *Blowout* was otherwise prepared for duty on Monday, for Paul never went near the boat on Sunday. They were now ready to visit the new craft; but when they had pushed their boat down into the water, Paul saw a gentleman enter the cottage of his mother.

It was Capt. Littleton, and Paul delayed their departure, thinking that he might want to see him. Presently his friend appeared on the bluff.

"Are you busy, Paul?" he shouted.

"No, sir; I will be with you in a moment."

"Stay where you are"—and Capt. Littleton descended the steep path which led to the beach. "You were going out—were you?"

"We were, sir; but it is of no consequence," replied Paul. "John says there is a new boat over by the point, and we were about going to see her."

"Very well, I will go with you"—and Capt. Littleton stepped into the boat.

"Our boat is not a very nice one for you to sail in," apologized Paul.

"I have been in worse ones than this, Paul."

Paul shook out the mainsail, and then pushed off the boat, while John hoisted the jib. The former then took his place at the helm, and the latter seated himself amidships.

"There is the new boat," cried Paul, as the *Blowout* rounded Dog Island, which had before concealed the new craft from their sight.

"Isn't she a ripper!" exclaimed John.

"She has a broad beam, but she looks as though she would sail well," Paul continued.

"Keep her away a little; we will go on board of her if you like," said Capt. Littleton.

Paul, though he would not have ventured on board of the new craft if he had been alone, ran the *Blowout* alongside of her, for he was satisfied that the presence of his friend would free him from the charge of trespass. John made fast the painter to the new boat, and the party leaped on board.

"Isn't she a beauty!" ejaculated John.

"A perfect beauty," added Paul, with enthusiasm. "She will sail like a bird."

"You see she has air chambers at the bow and stern," said Capt. Littleton. "You cannot sink her."

The boys examined her from stem to stern, and their eyes sparkled with pleasure as they rested upon her useful and elegant appurtenances. John looked over her gracefully rounded stern, and found there the words, *Fawn*—Bayville, in raised gilt letters, and he immediately gave utterance of his opinion that the *Fawn*, of Bayville, couldn't be beaten.

"How do you like her, Paul?" quietly asked Capt. Littleton.

"First rate, sir; she is the finest boat I ever saw."

"Do you think she would sail well?"

"I know she would."

"Suppose we try her. You may hoist the fore and mainsails."

"Does she belong to you, sir?"

"She belongs to a friend of mine; but we will try her."

Paul and John hoisted the sails and got everything in

readiness to slip the moorings, when the captain wished John to take the *Blowout* over to her berth, and they would take him on board again. He consented, and the two boats were soon headed toward the beach; but the *Fawn* made three rods as often as the *Blowout* made one.

At last John worked the clumsy old boat up to the beach, and jumped on board the *Fawn*.

"You like her, do you, Paul?" asked Capt. Littleton, for the tenth time.

"Very much, indeed. She is a beauty! Who owns her, sir?"

"She belongs to a young friend of mine—one Paul Duncan."

"Sir! What?"

"Exactly so, Paul. She belongs to you, and henceforth you are to be the skipper of the *Fawn*."

Paul was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight at this unexpected declaration. His eyes filled with tears, and he could not utter a word to express the gratitude that filled his heart.

"Yes, Paul, you shall hereafter be the skipper of the *Fawn*," repeated Capt. Littleton.

"And I shall be first mate!" exclaimed John, jumping up and clapping his hands with rapture.

"Yes, and you shall be first mate, John; for I have not forgotten that a part of my debt of gratitude for the rescue of my daughter is in your favor, my fine fellow. The *Fawn* shall be owned between you."

"Thank you, sir," replied John; "but it was Paul that saved Carrie."

"If you had not handled the old boat we'll, Paul could not have saved her. You are fairly entitled to a share of the honor of that noble exploit."

"But, Capt. Littleton," interposed Paul, "I do not want to be paid for what I did. It was only my duty to save Carrie."

"Everybody does not do his duty in such a trying time as that was, Paul. But I have not said a word about paying you."

"I know you have not, sir; but I suppose that is what you mean."

"I mean nothing of the kind, my boy. I could not pay you. There lies the *Flyaway*," continued the captain, pointing to his beautiful yacht; "she cost me six thousand dollars. If I were called upon to decide which I would lose, Carrie or the *Flyaway*, which should I choose?"

"The *Flyaway*, of course."

"Then the *Flyaway* would have been but a small compensation for my child. Nay, if I were called upon to decide between my child and all I am worth in the world, I would sacrifice all my earthly possessions for her. Then, if I paid you all I could pay you, it would be all I have,

Paul. You will not, therefore, consider this boat as a reward for saving Carrie's life."

Paul landed Capt. Littleton on the pier behind his house, and after pouring out his thanks for the magnificent gift, they parted company. The *Fawn* was headed away from the rocks, and again stood out boldly into the bay before the fresh, spanking breeze.

After a while the *Fawn* was run carefully upon the beach, and John was dispatched for his mother. While he is absent we will improve the opportunity to give our young readers a better idea of the new boat than they have yet obtained. She was about eighteen feet long, and very broad for her length. Her bow was very sharp, and her build combined the advantages of being a safe boat and a fast sailer. She was schooner rigged, carrying a jib, foresail and mainsail, and there was a staysail in the cuddy for use when the wind was light.

The deck of the *Fawn* extended over about half her length, and under it was a cuddy, or small cabin, containing two berths, both of which were furnished with proper bedding. There were four lockers, or closets, accessible from the standing room, where the boys could keep their fishlines, knives, spare ropes and other articles required on board.

The *Fawn* was rather large for a boy of Paul's age to handle, but as this fault would be corrected in a year or two, Capt. Littleton thought it would be well to prepare for the future as well as the present. But the rigging was so arranged that the new boat was hardly more difficult to manage than the old one, and she was capable of saving at least one-half the time which the *Blowout* occupied in going to and returning from the fishing ground.

While John was absent Paul again examined every part of the *Fawn*. He looked into all the lockers, sounded the copper air-chambers, lay down upon each of the berths, and hoisted the mainsail, just to see how easily it could be done. The examination proved extremely satisfactory in every respect.

When John and his mother arrived on the beach Mrs. Duncan was surprised and delighted enough.

Paul, notwithstanding the flutter of emotions in his bosom, ate his supper that evening with dignity and propriety, and several times admonished his brother that he behaved more like a young monkey than a reasonable human being. Yet Paul was excited, and so was his mother. The former talked of the good times he should have down the bay, and the latter speaking of the forethought of Capt. Littleton in having the copper air-chambers placed in the boat. She was glad the *Fawn* was a lifeboat, and she could feel a great deal easier now when her boys were away on the water.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL GOES ON A CRUISE.

Long before the sun rose, Monday morning, Paul and John were on the beach. And when Mrs. Duncan rang the bell out the window for them to come to breakfast they had dug a bucket of clams, and had prepared the *Fawn* for her first trip down the bay.

"You won't be anxious about us now, mother, for we have a boat that can't sink," said Paul, as he took the luncheon prepared for them.

"I shall feel easier now."

"Besides, you know, we have two good berths on board the boat, and we should be just as comfortable if out all night, as though we were in our own beds upstairs."

"That may be, but I hope you will never stay out all night, when you can help it."

"We shall not, mother; you may depend upon it; but we might get aground; or the wind might die out, and the *Fawn* is too large to be rowed up."

"I shan't worry about you, if I can help it, for I know you are very careful, Paul."

The boys hastened down to the boat, and Mrs. Duncan went out upon the bluff to see them off. The wind blew fresh from the southwest when they started, and the *Fawn* went under jib and mainsail only; but even with this sail she flew like a racehorse over the waters.

"Shall I hoist a foresail, Paul?" asked John.

"I think not; she is doing very well."

"But she will do better with the foresail."

"Let well enough alone."

"I want to see her do her best."

"I have promised mother a hundred times that I would be careful; and if she should see us put on all sail in this wind, though there might not be any danger, she would think we were going straight to the bottom. We will not hoist the foresail."

This answer satisfied the impatient boy, and in a short time they reached the perch ground; but either there were no fish there, or they had not got the hang of the new boat, for the fishermen could hardly get a bite. After trying for an hour, and catching only half a dozen small perch, the boys became disgusted with their ill luck, and it required but little persuasion on the part of John to induce Paul to get up the anchor and go farther down the bay.

An hour's sail brought them to a reef of rocks, which was quite a noted locality with the fishermen. The *Fawn* was anchored in a safe place and the young fishermen threw over their lines. Better success attended their efforts here, and in three hours they had caught eight dozen fine perch, besides ten handsome rock-cod.

On their return the young fishermen cleaned their perch and cod, and before three o'clock had disposed of the lot.

The next day was clear and pleasant, and the boat went down as usual, and for more than a fortnight no event worthy of a place in the history of Paul's fortunes occurred. The new boat worked admirably in every respect, and the boys were as proud of her as England has ever been of the *Great Eastern*. During these two weeks Paul had taken down three fishing parties, and had given them so good satisfaction that his services in this line promised to be in demand. As he received four dollars a day for her, including the wages of himself and the first officer, he always welcomed such jobs, and John liked the fun of it even better than fishing, especially when there were any ladies in the party, for it was very amusing to him to see them in the agonies of seasickness. He took a malicious delight in stowing them away in the berths in the cabin; yet in spite of the fun he made of them John would do all he could to assist them.

Just before the arrival of the *Fawn* in the waters of Bayville harbor, Paul had been unanimously elected a member of the Tenean Boat Club. He was very grateful for the honor conferred upon him, but his business was such that he could not often pull an oar in the boat. The members of the club all treated him with a great deal of consideration, though they were all the sons of rich men; and Paul felt that, if he was not their equal in worldly possessions, he could hold his head up with the best of them in the management of a boat.

One day, when the young fisherman called at the house of Maj. Nettle to sell fish, he met Thomas in the garden, who unfolded to him a magnificent project in which the Teneans—as the members of the boat club were generally called—were about to engage.

"We think of going on a cruise in the *Flyaway*," said Thomas.

"Where?"

"I don't know where yet; but we mean to be gone a week or ten days."

"Who is going with you?"

"Capt. Littleton, I suppose, though I had just as lief he would stay at home."

"Of course he wouldn't let a lot of boys go off for a week in the yacht, without some one to take care of them," said Paul, with a smile.

"We can take care of ourselves; we don't want any one to take care of us."

"How many of you are going?"

"Ten or twelve; we want you with us."

"But I can't go."

"Yes you can; why not?"

"I have to attend to my business."

"You can afford to take a vacation of a week or two, I should think."

Paul shook his head. He was delighted with the idea,

and would have been glad to go, but he could not think of neglecting his business to go away upon a pleasure excursion.

"You must go, Paul; the fellows all want you to go, and we shall have a first-rate time."

"I have no doubt you will; and I should be very glad to go with you if I could; but it is of no use for me to think of such a thing."

"It is not fully decided that we are to go yet; but Capt. Littleton and my father have consented to let us have the *Flyaway*. We shall know all about it next week."

Paul continued his walk, but the project of the excursion in the *Flyaway* haunted his imagination, and it required a great deal of self-denial for him to forego the anticipated pleasure. He felt that the summer season was the harvest time of his business, and he could not afford to waste a week or two in idle play. "Little by Little" was his motto, and he was not willing that any of those "littles" should slip through his fingers.

"There has been a gentleman here to see you," said Mrs. Duncan, when Paul returned to the house.

"Who was he?"

"He left his name and residence on a piece of paper, and wants you to call and see him this evening," replied Mrs. Duncan, handing him the address of the gentleman.

"Charles Morrison, Chestnut Street, third house from the depot," said Paul, reading the paper. "What does he want?"

"He said something about hiring your boat next week."

"What, the *Fawn*?"

"I suppose so; but he wants to see you, at any rate."

"Does he want me to go with her?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

After supper Paul went to see Mr. Morrison, and found that he wanted the *Fawn* for the whole of the following week, and that he did not want a skipper. He was going down to Bleakport to spend a week, and he wanted a good boat, which he could not procure at the place. He offered to pay fifteen dollars for the use of her, and to restore her in as good condition as when he took her.

This was certainly a good offer, and Paul concluded that he could not do better; but he was not prepared to give a decided answer, and promised to see the gentleman again the next evening.

On his return home he found Henry Littleton and Thomas Nettle waiting for him. The arrangements in regard to the excursion in the *Flyaway* had been completed, and the two boys had come to urge Paul to join them.

"When do you sail?" asked Paul.

"Next Friday."

"And how long shall you be gone?"

"About eight or ten days," replied Henry Littleton. "My father is going with us."

"I have got a good offer for the use of my boat next week," answered Paul, musing, "and I don't know but I will go."

"That's right, Paul; we must have you with us, at all events."

"Father says we ought to have you with us," said Henry.

"I will talk with my mother about it, and if she is willing, I think I will go."

"We have talked with your mother already, and she is perfectly willing you should go."

"I will let you know to-morrow."

The boys left him, saying he must certainly go with them, and Paul went into the house to talk over the matter with his mother.

"Do you think I can go, mother?"

"To be sure you can go," interposed John. "What is the use of talking about it?"

"I didn't ask you, John," said Paul, with a smile.

"I don't see why you can't go," replied Mrs. Duncan.

"I suppose there is no more danger of your getting drowned than there would be if you stayed at home."

"He will certainly be drowned, mother," added John.

"We shall be safe enough."

"Then you had better go."

"I have got a chance to let the *Fawn* for fifteen dollars; and that would be about as much as I should make if I stayed."

"And if you let her I shall go skipper. Shan't I?" demanded John.

"I think not; Mr. Morrison will be his own skipper."

"Then I won't agree to it. I am part owner of the *Fawn*," said the first mate, pouting like a schoolgirl.

"You agreed to let me manage the *Fawn* at the beginning," added Paul. "You can't do anything with her alone, except run her on the rocks."

"I don't want you to manage me out of her in that manner," growled John. "I have as good a right in her as you have, and I don't mean to stay on shore here a whole week, sucking my fingers, when there is fun to be had."

While they were discussing this important question, which even threatened a rupture in the partnership between the young fishermen, Capt. Littleton was admitted by Mrs. Duncan.

"What's the matter, boys? You are not quarreling, I hope," said Capt. Littleton, as he entered the room, for he had heard a portion of one of John's excited speeches while at the door.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Paul. "I have got a chance to

let the *Fawn* for a week, and John is opposed to my doing so."

"Is he? I am sorry for that. Mr. Morrison spoke to me about a boat for the week, and I recommended him to you. I had a motive for doing so, for I want you to join the excursion in the *Flyaway*. I thought you would like to go, if you could do so without any loss."

"Thank you, sir. I should like to go very much; and when I got this chance to let the *Fawn*, I about made up my mind to go."

"Then it is all right; but I am sorry John will not consent to the arrangement."

"I don't want to stay on shore a whole week," pouted the first mate of the *Fawn*. "If they would only take me as skipper, I should like it first rate. What shall I do with myself for a whole week on shore?"

"I don't see as I can go, then," added Paul.

"Well, I don't want to keep you from going, Paul," and a better feeling seemed to be roused in John's bosom.

"I can't afford to let the *Fawn* lie idle for a week, in the busy season," continued Paul.

"Can't I go a-fishing in her while you are gone?"

"Certainly not; you can't have my share to smash up on the rocks," said Paul, a little tartly. "You know you ran the boat on the rocks this very afternoon."

John felt a little lame here, and he did not venture a reply. He had sacrificed his reputation as a navigator by carelessly attempting to run too near the reef, and he felt that his brother's conclusions were correct.

"Well, at any rate, I won't keep you from going in the *Flyaway*, whatever I do. I will agree to let her to Mr. Morrison."

"That's generous, John. You have got the right kind of a heart beneath your jacket, though you have an odd way of showing it sometimes," said Capt. Littleton.

"John means right, sir," added Paul.

"I like to have a little fun myself, as well as the rest of the fellows," continued John, "but I am willing to stay at home and let out the *Fawn*, for Paul's sake."

"That's the right feeling, my boy," replied Capt. Littleton; "and if your mother is willing, you may go in the *Flyaway*."

"Hoo-ray!" shouted John, jumping out of his chair, and performing some gymnastic feats that astonished the visitor and the family. "I may go—mayn't I, mother?"

"I have no objection, if Capt. Littleton thinks it is safe."

"He will be as safe as my own son, Mrs. Duncan," added the captain.

"Hoo-ray!" shouted John, again.

"Come, my son, behave yourself, or they won't want such an unmannerly fellow in the company."

"I will be as polite as a French dancing master."

John was in luck again, and for the following three days

he talked of nothing but the cruise of the *Flyaway*. Even sailing in the *Fawn* seemed tame to the idea of going off one or two hundred miles, and visiting towns and cities he had never seen, and had never before expected to see. He could hardly sleep nights, and when he did sleep, it was only to dream of being out of sight of land, or of occupying a berth in the cabin of the yacht.

Paul concluded his bargain with Mr. Morrison, and made all his preparations for an absence of a week or ten days—a longer time than he had ever been away from home before. He cleaned up the *Fawn* for Mr. Morrison, and split wood enough to last his mother a fortnight. It had already been decided that the yacht should go to the eastward, and visit Gloucester, the Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth and Portland; and to be prepared for the excursion, he carefully studied all the maps and books he could procure which gave any information in regard to these places.

The *Flyaway* was to sail on Friday at high water. For more than a fortnight Capt. Gordon had been training the boys of the Tenean Club to serve as "able seamen" on board the yacht. There were twelve of them, including Paul, who were to join the party. More than half of them were sixteen or seventeen years old, so that they were strong enough to do all the work required in the management of the vessel. They were all well-trained, and every one of them knew his duty on board.

Besides Capt. Gordon, who was to command the yacht, there was Capt. Briskett, who had for many years been the master of a coasting vessel, and knew every rock and shoal between Boston and Eastport. Dick, the colored steward, was to retain his place during the cruise. Capt. Littleton was to go as a passenger. John Duncan was nominally appointed cabin boy.

Friday came, and the officers and crew of the *Flyaway* were all on board. The anchor had been hove short, and the mainsail hoisted; the hour for sailing had arrived, and she only waited the coming of Capt. Littleton. He had gone to Boston that morning, and his return was momentarily expected.

When the amateur crew had grown very impatient at his non-arrival, he appeared, but only to inform them that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch from New York which would compel him to start for that city in the afternoon.

"Now, boys, what is to be done?" asked he. "Will you postpone the trip for a week?"

"I suppose we must," replied Henry; but the faces of the whole crew were woefully elongated.

"I must give it up altogether, then," added Paul, bitterly disappointed; and John was ready to howl at the idea of not going.

"I will see what can be done," continued Capt. Littleton, as he called Capt. Gordon aside.

For a few moments they were engaged in earnest conversation together, and the boys waited with anxious interest for the result of the conference.

"Capt. Gordon thinks he can take care of you, and I have concluded to let you go, although I cannot accompany you."

"Hurrah!" shouted several of the boys.

"But, boys, I must put you on honor to behave well during the cruise. Will you do it?"

"We will."

"And obey the orders of Capt. Gordon in all things, whether you are on board the yacht or on shore?"

"We will," replied all the boys at once.

"Very well; I shall trust you. If I return soon enough to join you at Portsmouth, I shall do so. Good-by, now, and a pleasant cruise to you;" and Capt. Littleton went over the side.

"Good-by, sir," replied the crew.

"That's first rate—isn't it?" whispered Tom Nettle, as the captain departed. "I am glad he isn't going."

"So am I," replied Frank Thompson.

"We shall not have him watching us all the time. Let me tell you, there is fun ahead now," added Thomas.

Capt. Briskett, who was to be first officer of the *Flyaway*, as well as pilot, summoned them to the windlass to heave up the anchor; and in a few minutes the yacht was standing down the harbor under all sail. The Teneans gave three rousing cheers, and then distributed themselves in various parts of the deck to enjoy the exciting scene.

"All hands aft," said Capt. Gordon, when the yacht had reached the open bay.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied several, as the crew took their places in the standing room.

"Now boys, we must make our arrangements. When a ship goes to sea, it is customary to divide the crew into two watches. I shall take the starboard watch, and Capt. Briskett the port. Each of us will choose a man in his turn till all are taken."

"Go on," said Capt. Briskett.

"Henry Littleton," replied the skipper.

"Paul Duncan," added the pilot.

And so they proceeded till all the boys were chosen except John, who resented the slight thus put upon him. To satisfy him, therefore, he was taken into the captain's watch.

"There are only eight berths in the cabin, boys, and you must draw lots for them," continued the master; "but they are all wide enough to hold two each. Now, if you want to pair off, you can do so."

Lots were drawn, and Paul and Henry were to occupy the same berth. Again John found himself thrown out of the calculation; but the captain said he would make a bed for him on a locker, and he was satisfied. The boys then went below to see their berths, which had all been numbered for the occasion.

CHAPTER X.

PAUL WITNESSES A MUTINY.

When the *Flyaway* had passed Farm Island and reached the fishing ground, she lay to, for the purpose of enabling

her crew to catch a few cod and haddock, for the chowder and fry. But cod and haddock are singularly obstinate at times, and persistently refuse to appreciate the angler's endeavors in their behalf. They were so on the present occasion, and it was two hours before the chief of the culinary department could say there were enough to satisfy the ravenous appetites of the sixteen persons on board. Some of the boys had actually decided that fishing was a nuisance, but they were just as fond of chowder as those who enjoyed the fun even of catching only one fish per hour.

As fast as they were caught, Dick dressed them and prepared them for the chowder pot or the frying pan. There were some queer fish caught, including quite a number of sculpins, a "wolver eel," so Capt. Briskett called him, and a large catfish. The latter was an ugly monster, having dangerous-looking teeth, with which he laid hold of everything that came in his way. There was also in the collection a large skate, or ray, which called forth some rather large fish stories from the two experienced skippers on board.

As the culinary department was now supplied, the yacht stood away for Gloucester, which was to be her first port. They had a fine wind, and before the chowder was ready the *Flyaway* was in sight of the Reef of Norman's Woe.

"Dinner is ready," said Dick, at last, for the stomachs of the boys had been in a state of rebellion for two hours.

There was a grand rush for the cabin, but to the astonishment of the hungry crew, Capt. Gordon placed himself at the companion way, and would not permit a single one of them to go below.

"That's not the way to do on board ship," said he. "Are you all going below at once?"

"Why not?" asked Tom Nettle.

"Suppose we should have occasion to tack, or to take in sail in a hurry? Have we got to wait for you to finish your plate of chowder?"

"We are all as hungry as bears, Capt. Gordon," added Frank Thompson. "We can't stand it any longer."

"Part of you must stand it half an hour longer. Capt. Briskett has the helm, and the port watch will remain on deck, the starboard watch go below."

The captain's watch tumbled down the companion way, ranged themselves round the table, and went to work as though they had not eaten anything for a month. As they are doing very well, we will return to the deck, and listen a few moments to the remarks of the mate's watch.

Paul had seated himself by the side of the helmsman, and was asking questions in regard to the reef, the depth of the water in the harbor, and other questions of interest only to nautical persons. The rest of the watch had gathered in a group on the forecabin. It was unfortunate that so many of the refractory spirits had been chosen into the same watch; but there were Tom Nettle, Frank Thompson and Samuel Nason, all three of whom had once been expelled from the club for misconduct, and only been readmitted on their solemn promise to mend their manners, and behave like gentlemen in future.

"I don't like it," said Tom; "and if the rest of the fellows will back me up, I will go below and have dinner with the crowd."

"I will back you up, for one," said Frank.

"And I, for another," added Samuel.

"But Capt. Gordon gave a good reason why some of us should remain on deck," suggested one of the boys.

"No, he didn't. What is there to do? We shan't have to touch a sail this hour—see if we do," retorted Tom.

"But we might have occasion to do so, and for one, I am willing to observe the discipline of the vessel," said Charles Lawrence.

"I don't like the idea of having old Gordon domineering over us for a week," added Frank. "I don't care so much about the dinner as I do the spirit the old fellow exhibited. He placed himself before the companion way, just as though he had been the captain of a ship, and we were all common sailors."

"We will cure him of that before we have been with him many days," added Tom.

"I'll bet we will," answered Frank; "and I think the present is the best time to begin. How many of you will make a grand rush into the cabin?"

There were only four of them who were willing to take this rash step.

"Come on, then," said Tom, "I will go if there is only one fellow to back me up."

"We will follow you," added Frank. "Go ahead, Tom!"

"You had better count the cost before you go any farther," interposed Charles Lawrence. "You know we all promised to obey Capt. Gordon in everything he said, either aboard or ashore."

"We didn't expect he was going to treat us like servants—like dogs."

"Capt. Littleton wouldn't let him domineer over us in that style if he were here. Come on, boys," said Tom, as he led the way aft.

"Where are you going, boys?" demanded Capt. Briskett, as the rebellious watch appeared in the standing room.

"Going below to get our dinner."

"Not yet; you must wait till the watch is relieved. You heard the captain's orders."

"We don't care for the captain's orders. We are not going to be treated like dogs."

"But it is necessary that one watch should be on deck all the time."

"Can you tell me why it was necessary to have the starboard watch go to dinner first?"

"I cannot; it is the captain's business to order, and mine to obey," replied the mate.

"It isn't our business to obey any such orders as that," said Tom. "Come, Paul, let us all go below, and have our dinner."

"I shall obey orders," replied Paul, quietly, but decidedly.

"On deck, there! What's the matter?" called Capt. Gordon, from the cabin.

"There is a mutiny in the port watch," replied the mate, with a smile.

Tom and Frank did not wait for any more explanations, and began to descend the ladder into the cabin.

"Stop, boys! what does this mean?" demanded Capt. Gordon, rising from the table.

"It means that we are going to have our dinners, that is all," replied Tom, who had by this time reached the cabin floor.

"But my orders were that the port watch should remain on deck."

"We don't care for that."

"You don't, eh?" And Capt. Gordon was evidently very much surprised, for whatever he had expected, he certainly had not anticipated a mutiny the first day out.

"Wasn't my order a reasonable one?" he continued.

"No, sir! It was not."

"It is necessary that one watch should be on deck while the vessel is under sail."

"That may be; but it wasn't necessary that your watch should go to dinner first," replied the angry Tom.

"Will you return to your duty, or not?"

"No, sir!"

"You had better consider well what you are doing, Tom, before you go any farther. Capt. Littleton placed me in command of the yacht, and expressly directed me to do everything I have done so far, and especially to keep one watch on deck all the time, while we are under sail. Now, those of you who are willing to return to your duty and obey orders, as you promised Capt. Littleton, go on deck again."

Not one of the four boys accepted this polite invitation.

"Then I am to settle this question with these four," added the captain.

"There's no settling about it; we are going to have our dinner, that's all," said Tom, pushing forward towards the table; but Capt. Gordon placed himself before him, and prevented his further progress.

"I have asked you to return to your duty; now I order you to do so, and I am going to be obeyed, even if there are some broken heads to bind up afterward," replied the captain. "Briskett, let Paul take the helm, and come below."

"Stand back, and let me pass," cried Tom, his face flushed with anger.

But instead of standing back, Capt. Gordon seized him by the collar and threw him down. This was the signal for Frank to step in, and do battle for his friend. He was a stout fellow, and there was, for a moment, a prospect of a smart little battle; but the brawny pilot suddenly destroyed this prospect by laying both hands on the second mutineer, and dragging him on deck. Capt. Gordon followed him with Tom, the two other refractory spirits not deeming it prudent to keep the promises they had made on deck only a few moments before.

Capt. Gordon tied Tom's hands behind him, and Frank was presently reduced to the same ignominious condition. The other two were ordered to take their places by the side of the prisoners, and they deemed it prudent to obey.

"All hands on deck!" shouted the captain, as he took the helm from Paul. "Ready to go about!"

All the boys wondered what was to be done next; but the orders were promptly obeyed, and they took their stations as they had been instructed to do when the yacht was to go about. In a few moments the *Flyaway*, which had by this time passed the reef, and was standing up the harbor, was put about, and headed toward the open sea. No one ventured to ask any questions, but as soon as the mate had been restored to the helm, he fastened the prisoners to the rail, and gave the starboard watch orders to finish their dinners, and led the way to the cabin.

"He will have to pay dearly for this," growled Tom,

when the captain had gone below. "My father is half owner of the *Flyaway*, and if he doesn't get turned off, it won't be his fault."

But Frank did not make any reply. His father did not own half the yacht, and he began to think he had "barked up the wrong tree," as he afterward expressed it. He did not exactly know what to make of things, and couldn't understand why the yacht had been put about, and headed toward home. It was rather ominous, and he wished himself out of the scrape, or rather that he had not embarked in such a stupid enterprise.

Capt. Gordon finished his dinner in silence, and as his brow looked as stormy as a thunder cloud, not one of the boys in his watch cared to question him in regard to his future course.

When the starboard watch had finished their dinner they went on deck, and the captain ordered Dick to carry some of the chowder up for the rebellious portion of the other watch, while the mate, and those of his party who "stuck by the ship," went below.

When dinner was over and all hands had returned to the deck, Capt. Gordon announced his intention to return to Bayville at once.

"We haven't been gone a week yet," said Henry Littleton.

"Your father told me, if any serious difficulty occurred on board, to return home without delay. These fellows have chosen to disobey orders the first day out; and I think that is a serious matter."

"Do you hear that, Tom?" said Frank, in a whisper, to his fellow prisoner.

"I don't care; the sooner he goes home the sooner will he be discharged."

"But we shall lose all our fun, anyway."

"Can't help it; I won't be treated like a servant by my father's servant," replied Tom, loud enough to be heard by the captain.

"Your father can do what he thinks best when I get home, but while I command a vessel all hands obey orders."

"Come, Tom, don't let us spoil all the fun. We will pay him off at another time. Don't let us break up the cruise," whispered Frank. "He's got us where the hair is short, and we can't help ourselves."

Tom at first refused to "back down," as he and his party elegantly expressed it; but Frank's suggestion to pay off at another time at last prevailed with him, and he consented to join with his companions in trouble in an apology to Capt. Gordon, and a promise to obey orders without grumbling in future. Frank, therefore, made overtures for a capitulation; but the captain at first declined to listen to them, and it was only upon the urgent request of the rest of the party that he finally consented to pardon the offenders and continue the cruise. It was only because he did not like to punish the innocent with the guilty, he declared, that he reversed his former decision; but if any further difficulty occurred, they would know what to expect.

CHAPTER XI.

PAUL DISCOVERS THAT MISCHIEF IS BREWING.

It was with more than the usual alacrity that the crew flew to their stations when the order was given to come

about, and the *Flyaway* was soon retracing her course toward Gloucester. It was about sunset when this step was taken, and the yacht was some ten or twelve miles from Norman's Reef. She would have made a quick run of this distance, but the wind had all died out, and there was a perfect calm upon the sea. There was but little prospect of their getting to Gloucester that night, and they were too far out to anchor.

Before dark the captain had some misgivings as to the propriety of his course in continuing the cruise, for Tom and his companions seemed to be sulky, and he had several times observed them in close communication on the forecabin. But he felt perfectly competent to manage them, however refractory they might prove to be; yet he feared their misconduct would destroy all the pleasure of the trip. He resolved to treat them as well as though nothing had happened, but at the same time to keep a sharp lookout upon them.

During the evening the wind sprang up again, and the *Flyaway* made good progress through the water. In two hours more she came to anchor in Gloucester harbor, and the watch were permitted to go below. A lantern was hoisted on the foremast, and all hands were soon asleep.

Our limited space does not permit us to transfer the log of the *Flyaway* to our pages, and we must hasten on to more exciting events than the ordinary working of the vessel. The party spent the forenoon at Gloucester, and after dinner made sail for Portsmouth, arriving there at about nine o'clock in the evening; or rather at the mouth of the river, for they anchored off Kittery Point. On Monday morning the *Tenean*, which lay upon deck, was put into the water, and the club pulled up to the city.

While they were absent the wind veered round to the northeast, and there were some signs of a storm. It had been the intention of Capt. Gordon to run over to the Isles of Shoals in the afternoon, but the weather was so inauspicious that he declined to carry out his purpose. The club spent the afternoon, therefore, rowing about the bay, in fishing, and in visiting the objects of interest on shore, including, of course, the Pepperell monument.

Unfortunately, Tuesday proved to be no better day than Monday; and in addition to the prospect of a storm, there was a dense fog outside the harbor. As Capt. Gordon had been particularly cautioned to incur no needless risks, he positively refused to leave the harbor, though the boys had teased him from sunrise to do so. Even Henry and Paul were vexed at the delay. They had thoroughly exhausted Portsmouth, Kittery Point and the Navy Yard; had visited Fort Constitution, Fort McClary and the lighthouse; in fact, there was not a single point of interest left to be visited.

All the forenoon the boys did not intermit their persuasions to induce the captain to proceed on the cruise, but he was as firm as a rock, and declared that if they all went down on their knees before him, he would not "budge an inch."

After dinner Capt. Gordon, probably to escape the importunities of his crew, announced his intention to walk up to Portsmouth, and called for volunteers to ac-

company him. Capt. Briskett, Henry and Edward were all that were disposed to go with him, and he departed, leaving the rest of the crew to amuse themselves in the best way they could.

Hardly had they disappeared behind the hill on shore before Paul noticed that Tom Nettle and the other mutineers on the first day out were gathered in a group around the heel of the bowsprit. They were engaged in earnest conversation, but in tones so low that he could not understand them. Presently Tom called one of the boys who were fishing over the port rail, and then another, and another, till all on board but himself had been admitted to the conference. Even John Duncan was permitted to share the confidence of the party.

Paul at once came to the conclusion that they were plotting mischief, but he could form no idea of the nature of the plot—whether it was to rob a hen roost on shore, or capture the wooden fort that frowned upon them from the heights above. He was sorry to see John permitted to enter this conclave of mischief; but because his brother apparently acquiesced in the plan he hoped that no serious roguery was intended.

The details of the mysterious scheme seemed to have been all arranged, for presently the boys separated into groups, but Paul heard Tom say the tide would begin to run out in half an hour. What this meant he could not possibly imagine, unless the boys intended to run away in the *Tenean*, and wanted the ebb tide to help them out of the river.

"John," said Paul, when the conspirators separated.

"Well, what do you want, Paul?" demanded John, in rather surly tones, as he joined his brother.

"There is mischief brewing there, and I warn you not to engage in it."

"Mischief?" queried John. "What do you mean by mischief?"

"Don't you know what mischief means?"

"Rather think I do."

"These boys are getting up some trick; don't you have anything to do with it?"

John made no reply.

"What is the game?" asked Paul.

"Can't tell."

"Can't you, indeed?"

"No, I can't."

"You know we all promised to obey Capt. Gordon."

"I am not going to disobey him."

"If there is anything wrong going on, it is your duty to tell of it."

"Oh, you can't pump me, so it's no use to try," replied John, walking away, and joining the principal conspirators in the fore-castle.

"But what are you going to do with Paul?" were the first words that saluted his ears, as John joined them.

"I don't know. What can we do with him?" said Tom, to whom the question of the previous speaker had been addressed.

"Of course Paul won't join us," added Frank.

"No; you might as well attempt to capture Fort Constitution as to make him join us."

"Are you sure we can't bring him over?"

"Don't say a word to him about it, or he will prevent us from going."

"He can't do that."

"He would find a way; he might jump overboard, and swim to one of these vessels and get assistance."

"But we want Paul; and if we keep him on board, he will join us after a few hours."

"You mustn't hurt him, anyway," interposed John; "if you are going to do anything of that sort, I shall let the cat out of the bag."

"We won't hurt him," replied Tom.

"I'll tell you what we will do. We will get him to go down into the cabin under some pretense, and then fasten him down," said Frank.

"That will do first rate."

"But Dick is on board, too; what shall we do with him?"

"Fasten them both down below."

Paul, from the frequent glances bestowed upon him by the plotters, was satisfied that he was the subject of their remarks; but this did not disturb him, for, firm in his purpose to do right, whatever might happen to him in consequence, he was prepared for any event which the conspirators might bring to pass. He was sorry to find that mischief was brewing at all, and pained to see his brother a consenting party to it.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL IS MADE A PRISONER.

Before the half hour which the conspirators had indicated was the favorable time for carrying out their mysterious project had elapsed, Tom Nettle and Frank Thompson went below to prepare the way for the execution of their scheme. In the cook room, which occupied the fore part of the hold of the yacht, Dick was busily engaged in scraping potatoes. This seemed to be the favorite occupation of the steward, for he spent a large share of his time between meals in this employment, and fried potatoes was the standard dish for breakfast, dinner and supper.

"I'm glad you come down, Tom; I want to use you a few moments," said Dick, as the two boys entered the cook room.

"Well, what do you want, Dick?"

"I want you to help me move the stove; the pipe is loose, and if you will just hold it while I slide the stove back two or three inches, it will make it all right. Just hold the pipe up while I push the stove back."

"I have just cleaned up, Dick," replied Tom, who never hesitated at a white lie, and not often at a black one. "Paul is on deck, and in just the trim to do a job of that kind."

"No matter, then; I will call him," replied Dick; and the two boys presently returned to the deck.

"Just what we wanted," said Frank.

"Don't say a word, and Dick will call him down in a minute."

But the steward seemed to forget that he intended to make a change in the position of the stove, for he did not call Paul, as the conspirators were anxiously waiting for him to do. The tide had turned, and there was no obstacle in their way except the presence on deck of him to whom they had not dared to breathe a word of moral treason.

"Paul," said Tom, at last, when his patience was completely exhausted, "Dick wants to see you down below."

In order to make the request seem like one just made, he had lain down upon the fore hatch, which opened into the apartment where the steward was at work, thus seeming to be in communication with him.

"What does he want?" asked Paul, unconscious of the trick which was about to be played off upon him, and rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of some employment to relieve the monotony of his situation.

"He wants you to help him move the stove."

"Never mind it now, Paul," interposed the steward from below; "any time before I make the fire to get supper will do."

"I will go now; I have nothing else to do," replied Paul, and he at once descended the companion ladder.

"Now is our time!" exclaimed Tom. "You look out for the fore hatch, and I will take care of the companion way."

"Ay, ay, Tom, and be quick about it."

At a signal from the chief conspirator the slide was drawn and the fore hatchway covered up, thus making Paul and the steward prisoners below.

"What does that mean?" said Paul.

"I don't know; some mischief, I suppose," replied Dick. "They are playing off a trick upon us."

"We are prisoners, anyhow," continued Paul, glancing at the closed hatchway.

"All the same to me; don't mind them at all, and they will soon get sick of the fun."

"But what are they about?" added Paul, as he heard the creak of the windlass on deck. "I'm afraid they are up to some serious mischief."

"Can't help it; 'tain't my fault, and I never meddle with what don't concern me. All I got to do is to cook the victuals, and take care of the cabin."

Dick was utterly indifferent in regard to the conspirators, and went on scraping his potatoes, as though nothing unusual was in progress. As long as they had not carried off his cooking stove, or separated him from the ice chest, he was perfectly contented, and undoubtedly would call all hands to supper at the proper time, precisely as though everything was proceeding in a proper and regular manner on board the *Flyaway*. Dick prided himself upon minding his own business, and if the yacht had been seized by a gang of West India buccaneers, his culinary operations would have proceeded with their accustomed order and promptness.

It was not so with Paul; for the creaking of the windlass, and the activity that seemed to be manifested on deck, had already suggested to him a suspicion in regard to the purpose of the crew. He was not long left in doubt, for the sounds from above soon indicated that a portion of the conspirators were hoisting the mainsail. But he found it very difficult to accept the conclusion that these indications forced upon him. The boys on deck were certainly getting the yacht in readiness to sail; yet it seemed scarcely credible to him that they intended to run away with her. A scheme so bold and wicked passed his comprehension, and he was not prepared to believe that even Tom and Frank had the hardihood to carry it out. But the evidences were fast increasing; he heard the voice of Tom Nettle, as he stood at the helm, issuing his orders with as much assurance as though he had been regularly placed in authority.

Presently he heard the anchor strike against the hawse-

hole, and the jib rattling up the stay. He could no longer cherish a hope that their purpose was less criminal than he had feared. He almost cried with sorrow and vexation when he considered that his brother John was one of the mutineers.

"They are running away with the yacht," said he to his fellow prisoner.

"That's none of my business," replied Dick, with his accustomed stoicism. "All I got to say is, that supper will be ready at six o'clock; because why—that's the time Capt. Gordon told me to have supper."

"But do you mean to let them run away with the yacht?"

"Don't see that I can help myself;" and the steward suspended his labors for a moment, glancing at Paul as though he had a vague suspicion that he might be in some degree responsible for his inactivity.

"I think we have a duty to perform," continued Paul.

"What can we do?"

"We must get the vessel away from them, and take her back to her anchorage."

"But we can't do that. We are prisoners here. Can you break through that hatchway?"

"Then you are willing to do something?"

"Certainly I am," replied Dick. "If you can tell me what to do, I will do it."

Paul seated himself by the side of the steward, and proposed to him that, at a suitable time, they should make an effort to recover the yacht, and return her to her lawful commander. Dick consented, but he was afraid they would have no opportunity to put the plan in execution, for they could hardly overcome the eleven mutineers. Yet each pledged himself to the other to do whatever could be done, but it was agreed that they should not attempt anything without a reasonable prospect of success.

There was a stiff breeze from the northeast, and the prisoners saw the yacht lying over upon her side, which gave some indication of the rate at which she was passing through the water. They knew how dense was the fog outside, and they had some fears that her reckless managers would run her upon the rocks, which was not a pleasant prospect to them, confined as they were in the cabin.

An hour by the clock had elapsed since the yacht got under way, and it was evident from her motion that she was laboring through a heavy sea. Paul had begun to be uneasy, for he had very little confidence in the seamanship of Tom Nettle, who, he judged, was the new master of the *Flyaway*, and he was in a momentary expectation that she would strike upon a rock, and the cabin be filled with water.

When the yacht first got under way there had been a great deal of confusion on deck. Frank had rebelled at the authority of Tom, and claimed the right to command; but this dispute had been settled, and new causes of difficulty had appeared every moment. But now the conspirators were very quiet, and Paul perceived that they had come to realize the full peril of their position. He could hear their low and earnest tones, as they consulted together in the standing room. More than once he had heard his own name mentioned, but he could not hear enough of the conversation to determine what they in-

tended to do with him. We will leave Paul and his fellow prisoner below for a time, and notice the condition of things on deck.

The weather was decidedly threatening. The wind was increasing in violence, and there was a heavy sea. In short there was every indication of a regular north-easter. Tom Nettle had the helm, but his face no longer wore the confident assurance which had given him the victory over his rival in the contest for the command, and which had strengthened the doubting hearts of his more timid followers. His eye was restless, and his movements uneasy. He was not a stupid boy—only a reckless one, and he could not help seeing that he was leading those who had trusted in him into hardship and perils which neither party had foreseen.

The *Flyaway* was lying close to the wind, under jib and mainsail, and was completely enveloped in the dense fog that covered the ocean. Her bowsprit was slapping the waves, and the spray sweeping the entire length of the deck. Frank Thompson was lying out upon the bowsprit, wet to the skin, peering through the fog to give timely notice of breakers, or of any vessel which might lie in the path of the yacht. The rest of the crew were seated in the standing room, most of them engaged in watching the anxious face of Tom Nettle, whose boasted seamanship was now put to the severest test.

The *Flyaway* dashed on, and the faces of the rebel crew became more and more anxious every moment. Another hour elapsed, and the wind continued to freshen, and the sea to rise. Dense volumes of fog rolled by the vessel, and the mutineers were all wet to the skin. John Duncan was the only one who seemed to enjoy the scene, and it was evident at times that even he had some painful misgivings in regard to the future.

"Hard a-lee! hard a-lee!" shouted Frank, suddenly jumping down from the bowsprit, and making the most violent gestures.

Tom, startled and confused by the frantic movements of Frank, unfortunately put the helm the wrong way; and the yacht, getting the wind more a-beam, plunged deeper than ever into the huge waves.

"The other way, you confounded fool!" roared Frank, as he let go of the jib sheet.

The bewildered helmsman obeyed this order, but the movement had been so long delayed that the whole crew could hear the roar of the breakers ahead of the yacht. With the assistance of his companions Tom put the helm hard a-lee, and the *Flyaway* came up into the wind.

But Frank had made a greater blunder, if possible, than the confused skipper; for when he had cast off the jib sheet long before he should have done so, the sail had blown out as far as it could, carrying the end of the sheet with it.

My young and non-nautical readers must not suppose that a sheet is a sail; it is a rope. The jib sheet is the rope attached to the lower part of the sail, by which it is hauled in or let out, as occasion may require. On the *Flyaway* this rope ran through a double block, or tackle. The sail was now slapping and banging in the fresh wind, so that Frank could not get hold of it; for the heavy block threatened to knock his brains out, as it thrashed in every direction.

In consequence of this blunder, when the yacht came up into the wind, and there was no jib to help her round,

she fell off, lost her headway, and drifted helplessly toward the rocks. Tom was appalled at the danger that menaced them, and gave all sorts of orders; but none of them were heeded by the panic-stricken crew.

"Draw the slide, and call up Paul," gasped the disheartened skipper; and this order was understood and instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAUL TAKES COMMAND OF THE "FLYAWAY."

"Help us, Paul, if you can," cried Tom, as the prisoners rushed up the ladder. "You take the helm, Dick."

"Me!" exclaimed the steward. "I don't know no more about handling a vessel than I do about making a watch. Paul must help you."

"Forgive me, Paul, for shutting you up down there, and get us out of this scrape if you can."

At this moment the keel of the *Flyaway* grazed upon a rock, and then bumped heavily as she sank down with the sea.

"We are lost! We shall all be drowned!" exclaimed Frank Thompson.

Paul's quick eye instantly measured the peril that menaced the *Flyaway*, and though she continued to thump and grind on the rocks at the bottom, he did not lose all hope of saving her. The first thing was to secure the jib sheet. Seizing the rope which was used to haul out the main boom, he ordered all hands forward. At the end of the line there was a large iron hook, which, with a dexterous throw, he succeeded in fastening to the block. The sail was then hauled down, and the truant sheet effectually secured.

The coast line, upon which they were in danger of being dashed to pieces, extended northeast and southwest, and the yacht was still some twenty rods distant from the breakers. Paul ordered the jib to be hauled hard up on the weather side, which caused the vessel's head to swing round with the wind; then, as the sheet was eased off, she slid over the rock, and for a moment ran down parallel with the coast, and before the wind.

When this maneuver had been successfully accomplished, Paul ran to the helm, and giving the necessary orders, the *Flyaway* was soon braced sharp up, and standing away from the breakers.

"Three cheers for Paul Duncan!" shouted Tom Nettle, when he realized that they had escaped the terrible fate which a moment before had hung over them. "One!"

"Hold your tongue, Tom!" replied Paul, sharply. "Try the pump, and see whether she leaks any."

The cheers were not given in the face of this sharp rebuke, and Tom hastened to obey the order which Paul had just issued. The examination revealed the gratifying fact that the *Flyaway* was still sound, and made no water. She had only bumped a few times in deep water, with the action of the waves.

"You can take the helm again, Tom," said Paul, when the survey was completed. "If you wish to make me a prisoner again, I will go below. Do you wish it?"

"I do not," replied Tom.

"I am not one of your number, but I should like to ask what you intend to do?"

"We calculated to go to Portland," replied the chief of the conspiracy.

"To Portland?"

"That is what we intended."

"That is not what you told us," said one of the boys. "You said you would only run out a little way and return before Capt. Gordon got back."

"That was only to get your consent to the plan, you spoonies," said Frank.

"You are smart sailors, I must confess," replied Paul, with a sneer. "It was easy enough to get out of the harbor, but not so easy to get back again."

"We depended upon you," said Tom.

"Did you, indeed? Do you expect me to join in such a miserable scrape as this?"

"We will do just what you say now."

"Will you? You are very kind. After you have got into a difficulty you can't get out of, you want me to join the company. You expect me to pilot you down to Portland—don't you?"

"We will obey your orders, Paul; go anywhere you please," said Frank.

"That is a great deal easier said than done. What can I do, what can anybody do, in this fog? You thought you knew everything, Tom, better than Capt. Gordon. I hope you have got enough of it."

"Capt. Gordon was right," replied Tom; a sentiment responded to by all the mutineers.

"I'm glad you have come to your senses, even at the eleventh hour," continued Paul; who, finding the conspirators were all upon the stool of repentance, was disposed to treat them a great deal better than they deserved.

"I shall not go to Portland, or attempt to go there, for I do not consider myself competent to pilot a vessel in these waters," said he. "I shall take the *Flyaway* back to Portsmouth harbor as soon as I can get there."

"Wherever you say, Paul, we will go," answered Tom.

It was no easy matter to run back to the harbor they had left in the dense fog that then prevailed, and Paul was sorely tried to determine what course he should take. From his study of the chart and the information derived from Capt. Briskett, he had obtained a tolerable idea of the coast and of the dangerous ledges and islands in the vicinity. This knowledge, however, was of little use to him while the fog lasted. He had no doubt that the island upon which the mutineers had so nearly wrecked the *Flyaway* was Boon Island, or one of the Isles of Shoals. The yacht was now headed east by north, by the compass, and a few hours upon this course would bring them to the coast of Maine.

"Two of you go forward, and keep a sharp lookout ahead," said Paul. "Tom, you will take the helm, while I go below and examine the chart of this coast."

"Ay, ay," replied Tom, reassured by the coolness and self-possession of the newly appointed skipper.

"I would give a good deal to be out of this scrape," continued Paul.

"So would I," frankly added Tom. "I was a fool to think I knew more about navigation than Capt. Gordon. What do you suppose will become of us?"

"I can't form any idea," answered Paul, as he descended the ladder.

He found that the closet which contained the chart was locked; but he felt that the circumstances in which he was placed fully justified him in forcing open the door,

and he lost no time in doing so. With the chart in his hand he returned to the deck.

After questioning Tom in regard to the course he had sailed since leaving Kittery Point, he came to the conclusion that the land astern of them was one of the Isles of Shoals, for they never could have made Boon Island without tacking. But he could not see how, with the wind northeast, and the yacht close-hauled, she had brought up on the Isles of Shoals. Tom helped him solve this difficulty by declaring that he had not been very particular in keeping her close up to the wind.

Having satisfied himself on this point, the youthful skipper proceeded to decide upon his future course. If he continued to sail toward the north, he was in danger of running upon Boon Island. The night was coming on, and it promised to be a night of peril.

There were only two methods open to the young navigator. He must either attempt to make Portsmouth harbor again, or stand out to sea. In the dense fog it would be extremely perilous for him to try to find the port from which they had sailed; and on the other hand, it seemed scarcely less perilous to go to sea with the prospect of a gale before him. It was an anxious moment for poor Paul, for he felt that the safety of the yacht and of his misguided companions were in his keeping, and before God he felt responsible for them. He tried to hold a consultation with Tom and some of the larger boys, but they were utterly incapable of giving him any advice. They were completely bewildered, and looked up to Paul as children to a father, in the midst of the dangers into which they had so recklessly and criminally plunged.

The heart of the young captain was full, as he thought of his mother and his friends at home. He felt his own weakness, his own ignorance, and stealing away from his companions, he went below and, on his bended knee, looked to Heaven for that strength and that knowledge which Heaven alone can give in the hour of peril. He prayed for himself, for his brother, and for all his companions; but especially did he ask God to give him wisdom to guide the frail bark through the perils that environed her.

The prayer gave him resolution, and, as though his earnest supplication had been heard, he felt competent to decide between the two courses which alone were left open to him. The shore was studded with dangers; and the broad ocean, though lashed into fury by the increasing tempest, was preferable to a lee shore. The *Flyaway* was a stiff sea boat, and if well managed, would ride out any gale that would be likely to come upon them at this season of the year.

On his return to the deck, therefore, he ordered all hands to stand by the jib sheet while he took the helm himself. His directions were so skillfully given, and so well obeyed, that the *Flyaway* came about as handsomely as though Capt. Gordon himself had controlled the maneuver. Her course was laid exactly east, and the compass was placed in a convenient position for use.

Dick now summoned the crew to supper. Several of them looked at Paul, but no one ventured to leave the post of duty till explicit orders had been given to that effect. Half the boys were permitted to "pipe to supper," while the other half were to remain on duty.

After the meal was disposed of, Paul gave the helm to Tom, and went forward to make his arrangements for the

night. The foresail was reefed in readiness for use in case it should blow too hard for the vessel to carry the jib and mainsail; the fore hatch was carefully secured to guard against the peril of "shipping a sea," and such other preparations were made as the occasion required.

On his return to the standing room Paul found that Tom could not steer by compass, and he was obliged to take the helm himself. Among the appointments of the *Fawn* there was a compass, and Paul, more for the purpose of familiarizing himself with its use than from any necessity, had often steered by it. The knowledge which the youthful mariner had thus gained was now invaluable to him, and he was thankful that he had obtained it when opportunity had afforded.

A long and tedious night was before him, even though the perils of a gale should not be added to his present trials. The steward, at his request, brought him up an oilcloth coat belonging to Capt. Gordon, and thus protected from the penetrating mist, he gave himself up to the long and anxious watch before him.

Darkness came down upon them, and the *Flyaway* still rolled and pitched in the heavy head sea. The wind did not sensibly increase, and Paul dared to hope that the gale would not break upon them. At nine o'clock he had half the boys go below and turn in, assuring them they would be called at one o'clock. The order was obeyed, but not one of the boys could sleep until nearly half of their watch below had expired.

Hour after hour Paul kept his position at the helm, till the clock in the cabin indicated midnight. The watch on deck had taken turns at the lookout on the bowsprit. No event had occurred to disturb the monotony of the scene, except that they narrowly escaped being run down by a large schooner. The fog had begun to dissipate, and by one o'clock they had passed entirely out of it; but the wind had increased in violence, and at this time it blew a fresh gale.

All hands were called up, and after an hour of hard labor the jib and mainsail were taken in, and the reefed foresail set. Now, though the wind blew a gale, the *Flyaway* behaved so well that Paul ventured to send the watch, which had served from nine o'clock, below. At four o'clock, the yacht having run ten hours to the eastward, the clouds began to disperse, the wind suddenly abated, till it became almost a calm, and there was every appearance of fair weather. At this time Paul put the *Flyaway* about, and laid her course due west.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAUL EXERCISES A STRONG MORAL INFLUENCE.

At sunrise the sky was clear, and there was not a particle of fog to be seen in any direction; but the wind had all died out, and there was a perfect calm upon the ocean. The yacht was out of sight of land, and Paul judged that she was from eighty to a hundred miles to the eastward of the Isles of Shoals. There was not a sail to be seen, and the crew were awed by the feeling that they were alone upon the ocean. Perhaps not one of them had ever been out of sight of land before, and many of them had serious doubts whether they should ever see the shore again.

After the *Flyaway* had rolled and pitched for an hour in the heavy sea that still prevailed, a breeze sprang up

from the southwest. The bonnet was rove on the jib, and the yacht began to dash merrily over the waves. Paul ate his breakfast, and remained on deck till nine o'clock, though he was almost exhausted by the fatigue and incessant watching of the previous night, but he had trained Tom and Frank so that they could steer by compass, and at the suggestion of the former, he went below to obtain the sleep he so much needed.

As the wind continued to blow steadily from the southwest, the yacht held her course, and the young commander was permitted to sleep till two o'clock in the afternoon, when, much refreshed, he again appeared on deck. Land was in sight over the weather bow, and the boys were in excellent spirits—or rather would have been, if the record of their misconduct could have been obliterated. Frank and Tom had recovered their wonted cheerfulness, and when they sighted the land had begun to think of the probable consequences of the mutiny in which they had been the ringleaders. It was clear enough that Capt. Gordon would immediately return home, when he recovered possession of the yacht. The cruise was, therefore, about up, if they returned to the port from which they had sailed, and strange as it may seem, Frank was actually trying to persuade his companions to run for Portland.

They had all enjoyed their sail during the day, and been pleased with the novelty of their situation. It was not pleasant for them to think of the frowns of Capt. Gordon, and of being compelled to sail at once for home. A majority of them would have been in favor of continuing the cruise, if that oppressive sense of having done wrong had not operated against the scheme. But the most the adventurous leader—brave and skillful now that it was fine weather and plain sailing—could accomplish, was to induce the others to consent, if Paul would agree, to the plan.

"Of course he won't agree," replied Frank, pettishly. "There are enough of us to have our own way about it."

"You had your own way yesterday, and we came within one of being wrecked," said one of them.

"That wasn't my fault," growled Frank.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded Tom.

"Yours, of course; didn't you put the helm the wrong way when I told you to put it hard a-lee?"

"And you let go the jib sheet long before you ought to have done so. That's what made all the trouble. If it hadn't been for Paul, some of us would not have been here to quarrel over the matter now."

"You are a punky fellow, Tom," sneered Frank.

"So are you, when there is no danger near."

"How many fellows will go to Portland?" asked Frank, desperately.

There was no response, and the conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Paul. There were enough of them who would gladly have seen the bow of the *Flyaway* pointed to the north, instead of the west, but the influence of Paul was so powerful that no one but Frank would consent to take the command from him.

"What land is that?" asked Tom, as the skipper joined the group in the standing room.

"The Isles of Shoals. Keep her away a couple of points, Frank," replied Paul.

"I shall keep her as I think best," answered Frank, gruffly; for he was smarting under the disappointment he had just experienced.

"Are you going to run her on the island?" said Paul, astonished at the rude answer he had received.

"I don't know as it is any more your business than mine where I run her."

"What is the matter, Frank? What ails you? What makes you so ill-natured? I hope I haven't done anything to give you reason for any ill-feeling."

"He wants us to go to Portland," said one of the crew.

"I thought you had got enough of cruising on your own hook," added Paul, with a smile.

"I'm not going back to be snubbed by old Gordon, and the rest of the fellows wouldn't if they had any spunk at all. Come, Tom, let's keep her away for Portland."

"I will not," replied Tom, decidedly; "at least, I will not unless Paul thinks we had better go there."

"I do not think so," interposed Paul. "You have done wrong, and all of you had better get in the right path as soon as possible."

"I am willing," said Tom.

"So am I," replied half a dozen others.

"The fact is, fellows," continued Tom, very earnestly, "I have had a lesson which will last me as long as I live. This is the meanest scrape I was ever concerned in, and when I get out of it I will try to do better. You needn't grin, Frank Thompson; I am ashamed of what I have done, and I confess that I am heartily sorry for it. I did more thinking last night than I ever did in seven years before."

"Humph!" sneered Frank.

"I don't care what you say, Frank," replied Tom, stoutly, "if it is in my power to reform my life, I mean to do it."

Tom continued his remarks in quite an eloquent strain, declaring that, in the perils of the stormy night through which they had passed, he had thought of all the wrong he had ever done, and resolved to be a better boy. Above all things, he said he had learned the necessity of obedience, and that because he had refused to obey Capt. Gordon, he had been glad to obey the orders of Paul Duncan, a boy like himself.

"That schooner is bearing down upon us," said Samuel Nason, pointing to a vessel over the weather quarter.

The stranger was evidently a fisherman, and had now approached within hail of the *Flyaway*. In a few moments more she had come near enough to enable the boys to distinguish the persons of those on board of her.

"Capt. Littleton!" exclaimed Tom, who was the first to recognize him.

"East off the jib sheet!" shouted Frank, as he cast off the main sheet himself, and put the helm up, so as to carry the yacht away from the schooner.

"What are you doing?" demanded Paul.

"Do you think I am going to throw myself into the hands of Capt. Littleton and old Gordon? I'll bet I ain't," replied Frank.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tom.

"Get out of his way, of course; the *Flyaway* can out-sail that craft, and we may as well have our cruise out as be snubbed by any of 'em. East off that jib, I say. Come, Tom, show your spunk."

"I will, but in a little different way from what you want," said Tom, seizing the helm, and attempting to restore the yacht to her former course.

"No, you don't," growled Frank, dealing him a heavy

blow, which Tom promptly returned; and then commenced a struggle between them for the possession of the tiller.

Frank was the largest and strongest boy on board, and for a moment the victory leaned to his side. Paul, who had seconded Tom's movement by hauling in the main sheet, now rushed to the conflict, assisted by several of the larger boys. After a severe engagement Frank was knocked down, and held till his hands and feet were tied.

This turbulent spirit thus secured, Paul took the helm, and the yacht was brought on her course again. By this time the schooner had lowered her boat from the stern davits, and Capt. Littleton and his companions were pulling toward the *Flyaway*.

"What does this mean?" demanded the captain, sternly, as he leaped over the rail. "Paul," he continued, as he discovered his young friend at the helm, "I am astonished to see you here."

The boys hung their heads with shame, and Paul preferred to let some other person vindicate him from the implied charge.

"Will you explain this, Paul?" said Capt. Littleton. "If it had been my own son, I could not have been more surprised."

"Paul is innocent, sir," interposed Tom, stepping forward. "Frank Thompson and myself are the guilty ones. He and I got up the scrape; we fastened Paul and Dick in the cabin, and deceived the rest of the fellows. We kept Paul a prisoner till we had nearly wrecked the *Flyaway*, and then we called him up, and he saved the yacht and all our lives."

"That sounds like a true story, Tom, and I am glad to find you have the manliness to acknowledge your guilt. Paul, your hand; I have been grieving over you all day, and now I am rejoiced to find you are still true to yourself and the good character you have hitherto borne."

Paul gave the captain his hand, and thanked him for the kind words he had spoken.

"What was the quarrel I witnessed just before I came on board?" asked Capt. Littleton.

"Frank Thompson wanted to run away from you, and have the cruise out," replied Paul. "Tom and all the rest of the party opposed him, and finally took the helm away from him by force."

Paul proceeded to give a more detailed account of the events which had transpired on board of the *Flyaway* since her departure from Portsmouth harbor. Tom and the other mutineers expressed their sorrow for what they had done, and were ready to submit to such punishment as the captain thought it necessary to inflict upon them. But Paul told him how penitent they had been, that Tom had promised to reform his life, and he thought they had already been severely punished for their misconduct by the terrors of the long and anxious night they had passed through. This he proved by showing that all of them had refused to follow Frank's plan of continuing the cruise.

"But they punished you more than they punished themselves, by keeping you on deck all night," said Capt. Littleton.

"It was not punishment to me, for I was innocent, and they were guilty," replied Paul.

"You are right, my boy; it is guilt that makes us cowards in the midst of peril. You plead so strongly for

them, Paul, that I shall forgive all except Frank. He must be a passenger in that fishing schooner, which is bound for Boston. When I arrived at Portsmouth this morning, I learned from Capt. Gordon that the boys had run away with the yacht. I supposed, of course, you had wrecked her in the gale and the fog, and I chartered that vessel, which was on the point of sailing for Boston, to go in search of you. I thank God you are all safe."

Frank Thompson, in spite of his earnest protest, was put on board the schooner, and the *Flyaway's* head was turned to the north. Captains Gordon and Briskett resumed their places, and Henry Littleton spent the whole afternoon in listening to Paul's animated narrative of the cruise of the yacht to seaward.

In the course of the night the *Flyaway* reached Portland. But we have not space to detail the adventures of the Teneans in the harbor, or to give the particulars of the race between them and the North Star Boat Club. On the following Saturday night the *Flyaway* arrived at Bayville, and Mrs. Duncan once more pressed to her heart her darling boys.

CHAPTER XV.

PAUL ADVANCES LITTLE BY LITTLE, AND THE STORY ENDS.

For several years Paul pursued his calling as a fisherman, and as he grew older the business became more profitable. Before he was twenty-one the mortgage on the house was paid off, and when he was free he had saved up quite a handsome sum of money, with which he purposed to extend his operations. But when he was on the point of purchasing a schooner of sixty tons, a situation as second mate of an ocean steamer was offered to him, with the promise of certain advancement as he became qualified to fill more important positions. He concluded, after mature deliberation, to accept the offer, and the fishing business was entirely given up to John, who continued it for several years, with good success.

If my young reader's imagination is vivid enough to accomplish the feat, let us step forward nine years, which will very nearly bring our story up to the present time. It is easy to jump over a long period of years in this manner on paper, but not so easy for the mind to realize the number and the importance of the events which may transpire in this time. Though we step forward over long years of toil and care, of joy and sorrow, of severe trial and patient waiting, and behold the Paul Duncan of to-day, it will be hard to believe he is not still a boy, and the skipper of the *Fawn*, as we have seen him in the pages of our story.

He is no longer a boy, and we can scarcely believe that he with the bushy whiskers, and the strong, well-knit frame, is the young navigator of our tale. Yet it is he; and in order that our young friends may be properly introduced to him, we will step back a day.

Ah, you don't recognize Bayville; you don't feel at home there; for everything is changed since the young fisherman first sold his wares in these streets.

Where is the cottage of Mrs. Duncan, do you ask? Well, about two years ago it was pulled down to give place to the more elegant structure that occupies its site. It is a very beautiful residence; not very elaborate or very costly, it is true, but a beautiful residence for all that.

Who lives there now? Mrs. Duncan, of course; and she is still an active woman, and as affectionate a mother as can be found in the whole country. You recognize in the elderly gentleman who has just rung the front door-bell our old friend Capt. Littleton. He is still hale and hearty, and makes a regular call every day at the home of Mrs. Duncan. He is in a hurry to-day, and has a newspaper in his hand.

"The *Mamora* has arrived," he exclaims, as he quickly enters the room where the old lady is calmly seated.

"You don't say so!"

"Arrived this morning, and is at the wharf in New York by this time."

"I'm so glad!" replied Mrs. Duncan, pulling off her spectacles, and wiping away the moisture in her eyes.

"When will they be home?"

"To-morrow morning."

And on the following morning Capt. Littleton and Mrs. Duncan were at the railroad station, waiting the arrival of the train which was to bring the absent ones. They were not very patient, but at last the cars appeared at the station.

"There they are!" cried Mrs. Duncan, as she stepped forward and grasped the hand of the gentleman with the strong, well-knit frame and bushy whiskers. A beautiful lady is leaning upon his arm, and when she sees Capt. Littleton, she throws herself into his arms, just as the young ladies in the romances do.

But you wish to know about this lady, and we hasten to inform you that it is Mrs. Paul Duncan, late Miss Carrie Littleton.

Capt. Duncan and lady were escorted to the residence of Mrs. Duncan by their happy parents, and attended by sundry brothers and sisters, all intensely delighted with this pleasant reunion. I will not tell you how happy everybody is at the house on the Point; but if the reader wishes to hear about the last trip of the *Mamora*, he must "call at the captain's office," and obtain the particulars from him. It was the quickest passage which had yet been made, and Capt. Duncan was almost as proud of his ship as he was of his wife.

Little by little Paul Duncan had worked his way up from the position in which we left him ten years before, to the command of one of the finest ocean liners that sailed out of New York. He was exceedingly popular with the public, and was often quoted as the noblest specimen of a gallant captain, and, at the same time, a true Christian gentleman. He is not rich, as wealth is measured in our day, though he has some property, and receives a liberal salary from the steamship company; but in the higher and truer sense, he is rich—rich in the possession of a noble and lofty character, and a faith which reaches beyond the treasures of this world.

THE END.

The next issue, No. 67, will contain "Beyond the Frozen Seas; or, The Land of the Pigmies," by Cornelius Shea. This is a splendid story of adventure, relating the thrilling experiences of two boys who started out to discover the South Pole. Nothing more marvelous has ever been imagined, and the interest is absorbing. That popular author, Mr. Shea, has never done better work.

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